

# THE CRITIC

## OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## HISTORY.

*Chronicles of the Crusades.* London, 1848.  
Bohn.

In continuation of his "Antiquarian Library," Mr. BOHN has collected in one volume the curious contemporary narratives by RICHARD OF DEVIZES, and GEOFFREY DE VINSANF, of the Crusade of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, and that of the Crusade of St. LOUIS, by Lord JOHN DE JOINVILLE. To no reader of English history can the names of these Chroniclers be unfamiliar, for they have been largely quoted by all our historians, and especially by the writers of the *Pictorial History of England*. But probably few have sought the originals, or are at all aware of the very amusing character of their contents, or the graphic pictures they present of the times and persons described by the contemporary chroniclers.

RICHARD OF DEVIZES was a monk of St. Swithin's Priory, at Winchester. He describes, with extreme particularity of detail, the events of his own time as they were passing both in England and in the Holy Land. His narrative was in Latin, and the present translation was made by the Rev. Dr. GILES.

GEOFFREY DE VINSANF was also a monk, an Englishman by birth, but of Norman extraction. He was an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes in his *Chronicle of the Crusades*, and it is the only record preserved by any person present upon the spot. He survived RICHARD, whose daring exploits he describes so vividly. This work also was written in Latin, and has been translated purposely for this volume.

JOHN lord of JOINVILLE, the author of the third memoir, was Seneschal of Champagne, and followed Louis IX.—called by the monks St. LOUIS, for his piety—to the crusades. His narrative is manifestly faithful in substance, though coloured by the flatteries of a courtier, and it abounds in anecdotes of his royal master and of the countries they visited in the progress to and from the Holy Land, and of the events of the crusade.

Such a work is necessarily rather to be exhibited by extract than made the subject of criticism. Its substantial worth needs no description; but as few are aware that it is as readable as it is valuable for reference, it will be the fairest course to take some that will shew the true nature of its contents.

In RICHARD OF DEVIZES we find the following anecdote of the siege by RICHARD:—

*How a woman on the point of death, while our men were filling the city trench with earth, threw herself in instead of earth.*

On another occasion, amongst those who were carrying earth to make a mound in the ditch for assaulting the town more easily, was a woman who laboured with great diligence and earnestness, and went to and fro unceasingly, and encouraged others unremittently, in order that the work might be accomplished; but her zeal put an end to her life and labours; for while a crowd of all sexes and ages were constantly coming and going to complete the work in question, and while the aforesaid woman was occupied in depositing what she had brought, a Turk, who had been lying wait for her, struck her a mortal blow with a dart. As she fell to the ground, writhing with the violence of her pain, she entreated her husband and many others who had

come up to assist her, with tears in her eyes, and very urgently, saying, "By your love for me, my dearest lord, by your piety as my husband, and the faith of our marriage contracted of old, permit not my corpse to be removed from this place; but I pray and beseech you, that since I can do nothing more towards the fulfilment of the work, I may deem myself to have done some good, if you will allow my lifeless body to be laid in the trench instead of earth, for it will soon be earth." This she urged with supplications to all the multitude that stood around, and soon after gave up the ghost. Oh! wonderful faith of the weaker sex! Oh! zeal of woman, worthy of imitation, for she ceased not, even dead, to help those who laboured, and in her death continued to shew her zeal in the cause!

GEOFFREY gives us the following picturesque account

*Of the joys, songs, and processions which took place on account of King Richard's arrival.*

On the Saturday before the festival of the blessed apostle Barnabas, in the Pentecost week, King Richard landed at Acre with his retinue, and the earth was shaken by the acclamations of the exulting Christians. The people testified their joy by shouts of welcome and the clang of trumpets; the day was kept as a jubilee, and universal gladness reigned around, on account of the arrival of the king, long wished for by all nations. The Turks, on the other hand, were terrified and cast down by his coming, for they perceived that all egress and return would be at an end, in consequence of the multitude of the king's galleys. The two kings conducted each other from the port, and paid one another the most obsequious attention. Then King Richard retired to the tent previously prepared for him, and forthwith entered into arrangements about the siege; for it was his most anxious care to find out by what means, artifice, and machines, they could capture the city without loss of time. No pen can sufficiently describe the joy of the people on the king's arrival, nor tongue detail it; the very calmness of the night was thought to smile upon them with a purer air; the trumpets clanged, horns sounded, and the shrill intonations of the pipe, and the deeper notes of the timbrel and harp, struck upon the ear; and soothing symphonies were heard like various voices blended in one; and there was not a man who did not, after his own fashion, indulge in joy and praise; either singing popular ballads to testify the gladness of his heart, or reciting the deeds of the ancients, stimulating by their example the spirit of the moderns. Some drank wine from costly cups, to the health of the singers; while others mixing together, high and low, passed the night in constant dances. And their joy was heightened by the subjugation of the island of Cyprus by King Richard; a place so useful and necessary to them, and one which would be of the utmost service to the army. As a further proof of the exultation of their hearts, and to illumine the darkness of the night, wax torches and flaming lights sparkled in profusion, so that night seemed to be usurped by the brightness of day, and the Turks thought the whole valley was on fire.

In the same Chronicle we find this description

*Of the fight between King Richard and a boar that he met, and of the king's boldness in the contest.*

On the Wednesday before the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, the king and his army set out to Gadida to protect the city, but found no one there, for the enemy had taken to flight when they heard of his coming. On their way back the king attacked a fierce boar, which, hearing the noise of the party passing by, had come out and stood in the way. The fierce animal, foaming at the mouth with rage, and with his shaggy hair bristling up, and his ears erect, seemed to be collecting all his strength and fury to receive or make an attack. He did not move from his place when the king shouted; nay, when the king made a circuit round him, he also turned himself in his astonishment round in a circle, and kept in the same place which he had first occupied. The king now making use of his

lance for a hunting spear, moved on to pierce him, and the boar, turning a little to one side, prepared to meet him. The animal was of enormous size and terrible aspect, and the lance, which was boldly thrust against his broad breast, broke in two, from not being strong enough to bear the pressure of both, as they were closing with each other. The boar, now rendered furious by his wound, rushed with all his might upon the king, who had not an inch of room, or a moment of time to turn away; so putting spurs to his horse, he fairly leapt over the animal, unharmed, though the boar tore away the hinder trappings of his horse; but the activity of the latter frustrated the blow, and the part of the lance which was fixed in the animal's breast prevented him from coming to closer quarters. They then make a simultaneous attack on each other, and the boar made a rapid movement, as if to close with the king; but he, brandishing his sword, smote him with it as he passed, and stunned him with the blow; then wheeled round his horse, and cutting the boar's sinews, he consigned the animal to the care of his huntsmen.

And this:—

While the king was passing the night after the day of the blessed apostles St. Philip and St. James with a few followers at Furbia, the Turks, early in the morning, came upon them by surprise, thinking either to capture or destroy them; but the king was the first to leap from his bed, and seizing only his shield and sword, took seven of the Turks captive, and slew four; the rest fled from before him. Afterwards he sent out the Templars and Turcoples, as far as the fortress of Darum, to explore the country, and they found twenty Saracens, who had come out from the fort, sowing barley; these they seized, and sent to Ascalon.

From JOINVILLE'S Memoirs we take a sketch of

## THE KING'S STORES.

We found, on our landing at Cyprus, that the good king, St. Louis, was already there, and had laid in provisions in great abundance. You would have taken his cellars, at a distance, for great houses formed of casks of wine, placed one on the other, which his purveyors had bought two years before, and had left in the open fields. In like manner was the wheat, barley, and other grain in large heaps, which, from their immense size, appeared like mountains; and in truth many would have supposed them such; for the rains which had battered their sides had made the corn grow, so that there was nothing to be seen but green corn. When the army of the king came to remove the grain, in order to its being sent to Egypt, and to take off the crust of green corn, they found the corn underneath as fine and fresh as if it had been just threshed.

And also this curious account of

## THE NILE.

It is proper that I say something here of the river which runs through Egypt, and which comes from the terrestrial paradise; for such things should be known to those who are desirous of understanding the subject I am writing on. This river differs from all others, for the more brooks fall into a large river, the more it is divided into small streamlets, and spread over a country; but this river has not such aids, and seems always the same. When arrived in Egypt, it spreads its waters over the country. About the period of St. Remy's day, it expands itself into seven branches, and thence flows over the plains. When the waters are retired, the labourers appear, and till the ground with ploughs without wheels, and then sow wheat, barley, rice, and cummin, which succeed so well that it is not possible to have finer crops. No one can say whence this annual increase of water comes, except from God's mercy. Were it not to happen, Egypt would produce nothing, from the very great heat of that country; for it is near to the rising sun, and it scarcely ever rains but at very long intervals. The river is quite muddy, from the crowds of people of that and other countries who, towards evening, come thither to seek water to drink. They put into their vessels which hold it four almonds or



four beans, which they shake well, and on the morrow it is wondrous clear and fit to drink. When this river enters Egypt, there are expert persons, accustomed to the business, who may be called the fishermen of this stream, and who in the evenings cast their nets into the water, and in the mornings frequently find many spices in them, which they sell into these countries dearly, and by weight; such as cinnamon, ginger, rhubarb, cloves, lignum-aloes, and other good things. It is the report of the country, that they come from the terrestrial paradise, and that the wind blows them down from these fine trees, as it does in our forests the old dry wood. What falls into the river is brought down with it, and collected by merchants, who sell it to us by weight. I heard in the country of Babylon, that the sultan had frequently attempted to learn whence this river came, by sending experienced persons to follow the course of it. They carried with them a bread called biscuit, for they would not have found any on their route, and on their return reported, that they had followed the course of the river until they came to a large mountain of perpendicular rocks, which it was impossible to climb, and over these rocks fell the river. It seemed to them, that on the top of this mountain were many trees; and they said they had seen there many strange wild beasts, such as lions, serpents, elephants, and other sorts, which came to gaze at them as they ascended the river. These travellers, not daring to advance further, returned to the sultan.

*History of the French Revolutions from 1789 till the Present Time. Part I. Edinburgh: Chambers.*

If the consequences were not so sad, both to themselves and their neighbours, there would be something almost ludicrous in the very idea of a book devoted to a history of the revolutions of a single people during a period of only sixty years,—a day in the life of a nation. But the fact remains, and wisdom teaches us to make use of it for the purpose of investigating the causes of so extraordinary a moral phenomenon, with a view to avoid in ourselves the evils that have fallen upon our neighbours. The history before us is full of interest, and is evidently written by one who not only searches, but thinks. It may be observed, that the author (Mr. REDHEAD) shares the opinion that the instability of the French people is, in no small degree, the consequence of their Celtic blood.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Annals of the Artists of Spain. By WILLIAM STIRLING, M.A. In 3 vols. Ollivier.*

MR. STIRLING selected a most interesting theme, and made due preparation for its treatment. He read largely, and made laborious researches into authorities only to be found in national libraries. He went to Spain and sought information upon the spot, besides making personal acquaintance with the places about which he was to discourse, and with the works of art he was to describe and criticise. Being thus replete with information, he proceeded to arrange his plan of the work, and this was most complete. Although a collection of distinct biographies, he has linked them together, and given them a sort of continuous interest by dividing the period over which his narrative extends into distinct epochs. He opens each with a sketch of the character of the reigning monarch, its peculiar political and social characteristics, the state of art, and its most remarkable productions in architecture, painting, &c.; the patrons of art are also introduced into the group, with slight, but sufficient notices of the direction of their patronage. The influence of religion upon the art of that epoch is carefully traced, and then a biography of each painter who flourished in it is given, more or less minutely, according

to the importance of the subject and the materials that have been preserved.

MR. STIRLING'S composition is smooth, but verbose. He appears always to prefer many words to few. He seems to be one of those who think that good writing consists in making rounded periods. His thoughts are spread over so much space that they are often attenuated, and lose half their force. We prefer vigorous composition, even if smoothness and polish are sometimes sacrificed for it. Very flaring writing soon wearies: it ceases to command attention; we need occasional interruptions to keep us awake. It is a positive fault in Mr. STIRLING that he is too faultless in the mechanism of his composition.

Quitting his style for the substance of his work, and we must accord to it the very highest praise. He writes from a full mind; he is thoroughly master of his theme; he has the enthusiasm necessary to sustain him through the toil of collecting and arranging materials so scattered and so various; he possesses much knowledge of art, and still more taste for it; he feels excellence, and can also shew in what it consists. The value of the work is much increased by numerous engravings and woodcuts, some of them portraits, some specimens of the style of the artists whose biographies are related.

Being such, these volumes will be found peculiarly fitted for book-club circulation. The reviewer must be content with a few extracts, which, however, can only be taken as passages having an independent value, and because they are likely to interest his readers, and not as conveying any fair notion of the work itself.

VELASQUEZ.

He very early resolved neither to sketch nor to colour any object without having the thing itself before him. That he might have a model of the human countenance ever at hand, "he kept," says Pacheco, "a peasant lad as an apprentice, who served him for a study in different actions and postures, sometimes crying, sometimes laughing, till he had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from him he executed an infinite variety of heads in charcoal and chalk, on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in taking likenesses." He thus laid the foundation of the inimitable ease and perfection with which he afterwards painted heads; in which his excellence was admitted even by his detractors, in a precious piece of criticism often in their mouths, that he could paint a head, and nothing else. To this, when it was once repeated to him by Philip IV. he replied, with the noble humility of a great master and the good humour which most effectually turns the edge of sarcasm, that they flattered him, for he knew nobody of whom it could be said that he painted a head thoroughly well. To acquire facility and brilliancy in colouring, he devoted himself for a while to the study of animals and still-life; painting all sorts of objects rich in tones and tints, and simple in configuration, such as pieces of plate, metal and earthen pots and pans, and other domestic utensils, and the birds, fish, and fruits, which the woods and waters around Seville so lavishly supply to its markets.

#### INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON SPANISH ART.

A great deal of learning and research was devoted to the investigation of rules for representing sacred subjects and personages. The question was handled in every treatise of art. That considerable portion of Pacheco's book which relates to the subject is said to have been furnished by his friends of the Jesuit's College at Seville. But the most complete code of Sacropictorial law is, perhaps, that of Fray Juan Interian de Ayala; which was not, however, promulgated till the race of painters for whose guidance it was designed was nearly extinct. Fray Juan was a doctor and professor of Salamanca, and one of the compilers of the Dictionary of the Spanish

Academy; his book, which was in Latin, was entitled "Pictor Christianus Eruditus, sive de erroribus qui passim admittuntur circa pingendas atque effingendas Sacras Imagines." (Matriti in fol. 1730) A translation into Castilian, by Dr. Louis de Duran, appeared at Madrid in 2 vols. 4to. in 1782. The work is, as might be expected, a fine specimen of pompous and prosy trifling. For example, several pages are devoted to the castigation of those unorthodox painters who draw the cross of Calvary like a T instead of in the ordinary Latin form; the question, whether in pictures of the Maries at the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection, two angels, or only one, should be seated on the stone which was rolled away, is anxiously debated, and the artist is finally directed to make his works square with all the Gospels, by adopting both accounts alternately; and the right of the Devil to his horns and tail undergoes a strict examination, of which the result is that the first are fairly fixed on his head on the authority of a vision of Santa Teresa, and the second is allowed as being a probable, if not exactly proven, appendage of the fallen angel. All the writers on this curious subject strongly reprobate any unnecessary display of the nude figure. Ayala censures those artists who expose the feet of their Madonnas—which Spanish women are always so chary of displaying—almost as severely as he does the indecent limner whom he records to have painted for a certain church a holy virgin suffering martyrdom on a St. Andrew's cross, in the state in which the good Lady Godiva rode through Coventry. Pacheco illustrates his argument against immodest altar-pieces by a singular anecdote of their distressing effects. He had it, he says, from a grave and pious bishop, himself the hero of the tale. The picture was a "Last Judgment," by Martin de Vos, once in the church of the Augustines, now in the Museum at Seville; and is, like other works of the master, a composition of considerable power and merit, but disfigured by ill-placed episodes of broad caricature. The grouping is effective; and many of the principal figures are nobly drawn, and full of various interest and character. But beyond them, in the distance, the eye is offended by a grotesque Devil, who quells certain of the damned that attempt to break their prescribed bounds, by means of vigorous blows of his trident, and administers to one of the more refractory a hearty kick with his cloven hoof, aimed in the most vulgarly insulting direction. Amongst a group of naked women in the foreground, one magnificent specimen of the Lais order, conspicuous for her fair flowing locks and full voluptuous form, is being dragged off by a hideous demon, terminating in a fish, and grinning with horrid glee. It was doubtless on this figure—"a woman remarkable," says Pacheco, "for the beauty and disorder of her person"—that the eye of the bishop chanced to rest when he was one day saying mass, as a simple friar, before the painting. His quick southern imagination being thus suddenly and strongly excited, the poor man fell into a state of mental discomposure such as he had never before known. "Rather than undergo the same spiritual conflict a second time," said the good prelate, who had made the voyage to America, "I would face a hurricane in the Gulf of Bermuda. Even at the distance of many years, I cannot think of that picture without dread."

LUCA GIORDANO.

On his way to Florence, he paid his respects to the Marquis of Heliche, the Spanish ambassador at Rome, and was graciously received; but he somewhat offended that nobleman, by declining an invitation to his palace, given for the purpose of seeing him paint. Heliche was afterwards recalled from the hated Papal court, and promoted to the dignity of Viceroy of Naples. It happened in 1685, that Giordano, who had established himself in Ribera's fine house, opposite the Jesuit church of San Francisco Xavier, was employed by the fathers to paint a large picture for one of their principal altars. As the viceregal palace adjoined this church, the Marquis took an interest in its embellishment, and signified to the painter a wish that the work should be completed by the approaching festival of

the patron saint. Giordano, however, was busied about other things, and put off the execution of the altar-piece so long, that the Jesuits began to be clamorous, and the Viceroy to feel offended for the second time. Determining to see for himself how matters really stood, the great man paid an unexpected visit to the studio. The artist had barely time to escape by a back-door; and Heliche, finding the vast canvass as yet guiltless of the brush, retired muttering complaints and menaces. Luca's dashing pencil now stood him in good stead. On his return home, he immediately sketched the outlines of his composition, for which the first drawing was hardly finished; and setting his disciples to prepare his palettes, he painted all that day and night with so much diligence, that by the following afternoon he was able to announce to the impatient fathers the completion of the picture. The subject was the patron saint of the church, the great Jesuit missionary St. Francis Xavier, baptising the people of Japan; a ceremony which he performed standing on a lofty flight of steps: behind him, in the distance, was a party of zealous converts pulling down the images of their gods; and beneath, in the foreground, knelt St. Francis Borgia in the attitude of prayer. It was immediately carried to the church and placed over the destined altar; and the Viceroy, whose anger was hardly cooled, was invited to visit it. Charmed with the beauty of the work, and amazed by the celerity of its execution, he exclaimed on seeing it, "The painter of this picture is either an angel or a demon." Giordano received his compliments and made his own excuses with so much address, that the Marquis, forgetting all past offences, engaged him to paint in the palace, and passed much of his time by his side, observing his progress, and enjoying his lively conversation.

#### A MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

Don Josef de Valdivielso, one of the chaplains of the gay Cardinal Infant Ferdinand of Austria, cites a yet more remarkable instance of celestial interference on behalf of an artist in trouble. A certain young friar, he says, was famous amongst his order for his skill as a painter; and took peculiar delight in drawing the blessed Virgin and the Devil. To heighten the divine beauty of the one, and to devise new and extravagant forms of ugliness for the other, were the chief recreations of his leisure. Vexed at last by the variety and vigour of his sketches, Beelzebub, to be revenged, assumed the form of a lovely maiden, and so disguised, crossed the path of the religious; who, being of an amorous complexion, fell at once into the trap. The seeming damsel smiled on her shaven wooer; but, though willing to be won, would not surrender her charms at a less price than certain rich reliquaries and jewels in the convent treasury—a price which the friar, in an evil hour, consented to pay. He admitted her at midnight within the convent walls, and leading her to the sacristy, took from its antique cabinets the precious things for which she had asked. Then came the moment of vengeance. Passing in their return through the moonlit cloister, as the sinful friar stole along, embracing the booty with one arm and his false duessa with the other, the demon-lady—"more like a woman than a demon," as the chaplain slyly remarks—suddenly cried out, "Thieves!" with diabolical energy. The snoring monks rushed disordered, each from his cell, and detected their unlucky brother in the act of making off with their plate. Excuse being impossible, they tied the culprit to a column, and leaving him till matins, when his punishment was to be determined, went back to their pillows or their prayers. The Devil unseen during the confusion, reappeared when all was quiet, but this time in his most hideous shape. Half dead with cold and terror, the discomfited caricaturist stood shivering at his pillar, while his tormentor made unmercifully merry with him; twitting him with his amorous overtures, mocking his stammered prayers, and irreverently suggesting an appeal for aid to the beauty he so loved to delineate. The penitent wretch at last took the advice thus jeeringly given; when lo! the Mother of Mercy, radiant in heavenly loveliness, descended, loosed his cords, and bade him bind the Evil One to the

column in his place; an order which, through her strength, he obeyed with not less alacrity than astonishment. She further ordered him to appear amongst the other monks at matins, and charged herself with the task of restoring the stolen plate to its place. The tables were thus suddenly turned. The friar presented himself amongst his brethren, to their no small surprise, and voted, with much contrition, for his own condemnation; a sentence which was, however, reversed, on the sacristy being examined, and its contents miraculously found correct. As for the Devil, who remained fast bound to the pillar, he was soundly flogged; and so fell into the pit he had dug for another.

As a specimen of the manner in which Mr. STIRLING sketches the royal patrons of art in his introduction to the biographies, we adduce the portrait of

#### PHILIP THE FOURTH.

Philip IV. is one of those potentates who was more fortunate in his painters than his biographers, and whose face is therefore better known than his history. His pale Flemish complexion, fair hair, heavy lip, and sleepy grey eyes, his long curled mustaches, dark dress, and collar of the Golden Fleece, have been made familiar to all the world by the pencils of Rubens and Velasquez. Charles I. with his melancholy brow, pointed beard, and jewelled star, as painted by Vandyck, is not better known to the frequenters of galleries; nor the pompous benign countenance of Louis XIV. shining forth from a wilderness of wig amongst the silken braveries which delighted Mignard or Rigaud, or on his prancing pied charger, like a holiday soldier as he was, in the foreground of some pageant battle by Vandermeulen. Fond as were these sovereigns of perpetuating themselves on canvass, they have not been so frequently or so variously portrayed as their Spanish contemporary. Armed and mounted on his sprightly Andalusian, glittering in crimson and gold gala, clad in black velvet for the council, or in russet and buff for the boar-hunt, under all these different aspects did Philip submit himself to the quick eye and cunning hand of Velasquez. And not content with multiplications of his own likeness in these ordinary attitudes and employments, he caused the same great artist to paint him at prayers,

"To take him in the purging of his soul."

as he knelt amongst the embroidered cushions of his oratory. In all these various portraits we find the same cold phlegmatic expression; which gives his face the appearance of a mask, and agrees so well with the pen and ink sketches of contemporary writers, who celebrate his talents for dead silence and marble immobility; talents hereditary indeed in his house; but in his case so highly improved that he could sit out a comedy without stirring hand or foot, and conduct an audience without movement of a muscle except those in his lips and tongue. He handled his fowling-piece, quaffed his sober cups of cinnamon-water, and performed his devotions, with the same undisturbed gravity of mien, and reined his steed with a solemnity that would have become him in pronouncing or receiving sentence of death. To maintain a grave and majestic demeanour in public, was, in his opinion, one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign; he was never known to smile but three times in his life; and it was doubtless his desire to go down to posterity as a model of regal deportment. Yet this stately Austrian, whose outward man seemed the very personification of etiquette, possessed a rich vein of humour, which on fitting occasions he indulged with Cervantes' serious air: "he was full of merry discourse, when and where his lined robe of Spanish and royal gravity was laid aside;" he trode the primrose paths of dalliance, acted in private theatricals, and bandied pleasantries with Calderon himself.

*Final Memorials of Charles Lamb: consisting chiefly of his Letters not before published, with Sketches of some of his Companions.* By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Maxon.

THIS interesting little work is intended by Mr.

Serjeant TALFOURD as a supplement to the Letters of CHARLES LAMB, with a slight sketch of his life, published about twelve years ago. His "attempt," we are told, "has been to make these volumes subsidiary to the former, and yet complete in themselves,"—an attempt which has been amply crowned with success. These *Final Memorials* contain a perfect picture of the gentle and devoted—the single-minded and fervent—the quaint, whimsical, and yet deeply pathetic character of the inimitable ELIA;—a character at once full of the keenest penetration and the most child-like simplicity—the veritable attributes of Genius.

In his letters, and in the "plain, unvarnished, tale" of his actions, Mr. TALFOURD has, in the first place, permitted CHARLES LAMB to exhibit himself, concluding with a *résumé* of his character, singularly graphic and faithful; whilst in a series of rapid sketches he has drawn with a master's hand portraits of his most intimate friends—men whose very names are suggestive of a train of ideas, and some of them stars of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of mind, the light of whose thoughts are yet shining in their meridian splendour upon the world from which they have themselves been withdrawn. All further notice of these we adjourn, however, till a future number, confining our attention at present to the central figure of the group.

CHARLES LAMB, the man, was in every respect the counterpart of CHARLES LAMB, the author; and not, as has sometimes happened (for instance, according to Mr. TALFOURD, in the cases of his friends, GODWIN and HAZLITT), an apparently dissimilar being. Never was the life of an author, devoid of egotism, more clearly reflected in his works. Never were life and works more thoroughly of the essence of the same spirit—and that spirit, humanity—a profound love for man; an exquisite perception of, mingled with a most tender forbearance towards, the follies and the frailties—in some of which, in on one of which, at least, alas! he shared. In him we behold that intimate union of humour and pathos so frequently exemplified in men of genius. His laughter is, as it were, but the sparkling spray from a fountain of tears. And thus it was in his life. Grief and happiness had with him the same source. Under the gaiety induced by a playful imagination and a sportive temper, amidst the pleasures bestowed by congenial society and sincere friendship, there ever existed one cause of anxiety. The purest affection that ever was felt by man for the worthiest object was this cause—the perpetual well-spring of his soul's pathos. In his attachment to his sister MARY LAMB, in the tragedy which united them to each other, and in the constantly recurring calamity which only served to rivet more firmly the bonds of their affection, is to be found the key to his life.

During the life of Miss LAMB, who survived her brother for eleven years, obvious reasons precluded the publication of these memorials, of which her misfortunes and sufferings occupy the principal share. Now the grave has closed upon her also, and the time has come when the most touching passages in the life of her brother, and an almost sublime example of fraternal affection, need no longer be withheld from the world, by any consideration of propriety, or regard for the feelings of survivors. The world is the better for such true tales. They tend to raise the standard of human excellence, whilst they reflect honour upon human nature.—

In the year 1795 Charles Lamb resided with his father, mother, and sister, at No. 9, Little



Queen-street, Holborn. The father was rapidly sinking into dotage; the mother suffered under an infirmity which deprived her of the use of her limbs; and the sister not only undertook the office of daily and nightly attendance on her mother, but sought to add by needlework to their slender resources. Their income then consisted of an annuity which Mr. Lamb the elder derived from the old bencher, Mr. Salt; whom he had faithfully served for many years; Charles's salary, which being that of a clerk of three years' standing in the India House, could have been but scanty; and a small payment made for board by an old maiden aunt who resided with them.

Such is Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD's account of the circumstances of the family when LAMB was twenty years of age, at which period he first began to write verses. It was during this year that COLERIDGE, with whom he had formed an intimate friendship,—unbroken during their mutual lives, and which was cherished by the great poet amid the wreck of all besides, quitted London to reside at Bristol. LAMB entertained an unbounded admiration for the genius of his friend, and in the loneliness of mind which resulted from the privation of his unrivalled society, became for a few weeks a prey to that most frightful of human maladies—insanity—the family tendency to which had been already more than once developed in his sister. In a subsequent letter to COLERIDGE, he thus refers to this attack:—

When you left London I felt a dismal void in my heart. I felt myself cut off at one and the same time from two most dear to me. "How blest with ye the path could I have trod of quiet life!" In your conversation you had blended so many pleasant fancies that they cheated me of my grief. But in your absence, the tide of melancholy rushed in again and did its worst by overwhelming my reason. I have recovered, but feel a stupor that makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this life. I sometimes wish to introduce a religious turn of mind, but habits are strong things, and my religious fervours are confined, alas! to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion. A correspondence, opening with you, has roused me a little from my lethargy, and made me conscious of existence. Indulge me in it, I will not be very troublesome! At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns my phrensy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness: dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems to me rapid, comparatively so.

What a strange glimpse do these last sentences afford us of the mental scenery of those under the influence of this mysterious evil! There is something consolatory in the idea that even this dreaded infliction is tempered with mercy, and that "hours of pure happiness" may be enjoyed even by these most unfortunate beings.

We subjoin a sonnet of LAMB's, interesting, not only on account of the subject, but on account of the circumstances under which it was produced, it having been composed in the Asylum during one of the writer's lucid intervals:—

#### TO MY SISTER.

If from my lips some angry accents fell,  
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,  
'Twas but the error of a sickly mind,  
And troubled thoughts clouding the purer well,  
And waters clear of reason; and for me  
Let this my verse the poor atonement be.  
My verse, which thou to praise wert ill inclined  
Too highly, and with a partial eye to see  
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever shew  
Kindest affection; and wouldst oftentimes lend  
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,  
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay  
But ill, the mighty debt of love I owe,  
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

The attachment here expressed was soon to be put to the test, and, in the perpetual trial to which it was henceforth to be subjected, was not found wanting.

Miss LAMB was ten years older than her brother, and, as we have already said, had been more than once attacked by insanity. In the autumn of the year 1796, her nervous system having been completely exhausted by the labour and anxiety consequent upon arduous occupation in needlework by day, and attendance upon her infirm mother by night, after having for some days manifested symptoms of mental estrangement, she, on the 22nd of September, broke into a fit of frenzy, and with a case-knife pierced her mother to the heart, wounding her father in the forehead with one of the forks she had been madly throwing about the apartment. Her brother CHARLES only reached the room in time to witness the consummation of this appalling scene.

His state of mind, and his comportment on this fearful occasion, are indicated in a letter to COLERIDGE, which appears to have been written soon after the event:—

My dearest Friend,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines:—My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence, I fear, she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses. I eat, drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Morris, of the Blue-coat School, has been very, very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me, the former things have passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel. God Almighty have us well in his keeping. C. LAMB.

Mention nothing of poetry; I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book I charge you. Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family. I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you don't think of coming to me. Write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us. C. LAMB.

In the next letter LAMB mentions his sister's restoration to the use of her reason, and to a recollection of the dreadful scene in which she had been the chief actor. A recollection awful, certainly, but unattended on her part by any thing like a sense of guilt or a feeling of remorse. In its sane condition her mind was a strong one, and capable of forming a just estimate of the circumstances in which she was placed. She deplored the death of her mother as that of a beloved parent, and with resignation saw in herself only the suffering instrument of the Almighty's will. She had been taken to an asylum at Islington, where it was decided that she should remain during her father's life. It had been the wish of her brother JOHN that she should be transferred to an hospital, but of this CHARLES would not hear, reckoning that out of an income of 180*l.* or 170*l.* he could easily afford 50*l.* or 60*l.* per annum for his sister's board. There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the following little anecdote:—

Poor thing, they say she was but the other morn-

ing saying, she knew she must go to Bethlem for life; that one of her brothers would have it so, but the other would not wish it, but be obliged to go with the stream; that she had often, as she passed Bethlem, thought it likely, "here it may be my fate to end my days;" conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head sometimes, and mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before.

Mr. JOHN LAMB appears to have been a man of an ordinary mind and somewhat selfish disposition,—not worse than other people perhaps, and certainly very little better. His brother represents his manners at this crisis to have been "kind and brotherly," whilst at the same time his language was in some such strain as this:—"Charles, you must take care of yourself; you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to," &c. &c. The care of the almost imbecile father devolved upon CHARLES, JOHN not having given the smallest intimation of a desire to share it with him. CHARLES, nevertheless, seems ever anxious to prove that, in some respects, his brother's character "is amiable," and calls his selfishness by the gentle name of "a difference of mind." And perhaps in a great measure he was right. Common minds are incapable of realising the circumstances and feelings of others in such a degree as to embody them in themselves, or, as it were, to enter for the time into the very souls of the objects of their regard; and hence, from a natural deficiency of the means of sympathy, it is not in their power perhaps to adhere as rigidly in their conduct as the more highly-gifted in feeling to the precept enforced by the golden rule. JOHN was a man of common sense, common honesty, and common goodnature. CHARLES was a man of fine perceptions, of lofty morality, of deep feeling, and universal charity. The one sought to fulfil the decencies of life at as little personal expense as possible; the other devoted himself to its solemn duties with all the unconscious heroism of the martyr who beholds in his sacrifice only his happiness. The "difference" was the difference between an ordinary mind and one of a very superior class.

LAMB's letters are full of the most affectionate references to his sister. Alluding to her situation in the Asylum, he writes—

She will, I fancy, if she stays, make one of the family, rather than of the patients; and the old and young ladies I like exceedingly, and she loves dearly; and they, as the saying is, take to her very extraordinarily, if it is extraordinary that people who see my sister should love her. Of all the people I ever saw in the world, my poor sister was most thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, poor dear, dearest soul, in a future letter for my own comfort, for I understand her thoroughly; and, if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found (I speak not with sufficient humility, I fear, but humanly and foolishly), she will be found, I trust, uniformly great and amiable.

That he was at this time under the influence of solemn religious impressions is evidenced by such passages as the next:—

These mentioned good fortunes and change of prospects had almost brought my mind over to the extreme the very opposite to despair. I was in danger of making myself too happy. Your letter brought me back to a view of things I had entertained from the beginning. I hope (for Mary I can answer), but I hope that I shall through life never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means, may both of us escape madness in future, it so please the Almighty.

Time, and Miss LAMB's continued convalescence, weakened the effects of the shock his mind had sustained, and contributed to restore it to its ordinary tone. His letters to COLERIDGE again mark an interest in literary studies and projects, and in the progress and prosperity of his friend, whom in one of them he gently chides for the vagueness of purpose which caused the many splendid schemes he conceived to evaporate in mere gorgeous day-dreams, whilst they at the same time contain many affectionate allusions to his sister, interspersed with fears that he may be in danger of forgetting the "awful lessons" he has received, and admonitions to his cherished correspondent to "talk seriously," and to "remind" him "of his duties."

At this time, these duties were by no means light, and involved a perpetual course of self-denial. After the day's work at the India-House—ever uncongenial, apparently, to LAMB—such were the evening avocations:—

I get home at night o'er wearied, quite faint, and then to cards with my father, who will not let me enjoy a meal in peace; but I must conform to my situation, and I hope I am for the most part not unthankful. \* \* \* I am got home at last, and, after repeated games at cribbage, have got my father's leave to write awhile; with difficulty got, for when I expostulated about playing any more, he aptly replied, "If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all." The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh.

We are not sure that LAMB was not quite as admirable in these smaller as in the greater sacrifices of his life, inasmuch as the contemplation of a noble action elevates the mind to a pitch of heroism commensurate with its performance, whilst a constant recurrence of petty annoyances seems only to depress and irritate it. In the beginning of the year 1797 these irksome duties were terminated by the death of his father, whose imbecile condition rendered such an event little to be regretted.

Now it was that, contrary to the urgent advice of many of his acquaintance, and in opposition to the opinion of the surviving members of the family, his brother especially, he procured the liberty of his sister, took upon himself the responsibility of her future guardianship, and succeeded in preventing any proceedings, which, as no medical assurance could be given against the recurrence of her terrible malady, might have placed her for life at the disposal of the Crown. For her sake, he gave up all thoughts of love and marriage—a sacrifice the more admirable that it seems more than probable that he had an attachment to a young lady at Islington, whom recently he commemorated in a sonnet as "The Fair-Haired Maid."

Thus began the intimate domestic association of CHARLES and MARY LAMB, which, after a duration of nearly thirty-eight years, was terminated only by the death of the former; and during this long period of time was only interrupted by the yearly recurrence of the frightful malady which had been the chief instrument of their union.

(To be continued).

*A Brief Sketch of the Life of the late Miss Sarah Martin; with a Funeral Sermon, Extracts from her own Prison Journals and from the Parliamentary Reports on Prisons. Third Edition. Yarmouth: C. Barber. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Norwich: Fletcher and Jarrold.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE plans she adopted for awakening the slumbering sparks of intelligence and virtue in the minds of the hardened criminals will be

read with great interest. We can take only two or three of them as instances.

Feb. 2. I had been accustomed to allow the prisoners, in the middle of the day, to write a copy in my absence every day, with the view of filling up their time. On Friday, in consequence of a note being sent over to the female prisoners' ward, the governor, to prevent the improper use of pen and ink, took both away, with their books also. Since that day, not a single prisoner has learned any lessons. On leaving after reading with them to-day, I asked why it was that all had done so?—F. J. replied he wished to write—that would do him some good; the other would do none, so he would learn no more. I reasoned with him, but his reply was, "I am sure it will do me no good." I turned to the Bible as a standard to convince him. "As for that," said he, "I won't believe one word of it; it is all nonsense: victuals is what I want." "Yes," replied B. a poor ignorant creature, "victuals is what we want, and not to be put in here for nothing; we don't want religion, we want victuals." I then took pains to shew that religion, which enforced justice, industry, &c. brought plenty; and in the absence of its principles there was want and destitution. I still referred to the Bible; it was my standard, although F. J. in rejecting it, had none. F. J. said exultingly, "I have a right to think as I like." I replied, "If such be your thoughts, you have no right, viper-like, to cast forth the poison upon other people." It was remarkable, that when he spoke the most dangerous things, the others seconded him at the beginning of the contest—not so at the end. I requested as a favour an answer to one plain question: Did they still wish me to visit them, or was it their wish that I should keep away? If it were the latter, as I would never go where I was unwelcome knowingly, I would never enter the room again until they were gone. All but F. J. eagerly desired that I would still come, that they were quite sure I intended good to them, and hoped I would on no account leave them. I told them it was enough, I would visit them still. J. B. said, "Although I am bad, and have not followed them up, I am convinced that your views are right." He acknowledged that what I taught from the Bible was true, and those who followed up such views were the best people. All agreed to this excepting F. J. and at parting I said, "If any of you think proper to learn more from the Scriptures, I shall feel happy to hear you, except F. J.; with his views I shall not hear any from him."

Feb. 3. On entering the middle room to-day, all received me in the most respectful and grateful manner; all had learned a lesson from the Scriptures to repeat except F. J. and all, except him, read a verse in turn in general reading. As we read, I adverted to what had been said the day before. J. B. as spokesman said, "What you said yesterday, madam, was satisfactory; it removed all doubts, you are in the right, you can have no motive but our good." F. J. did not speak once. One said there must be a Creator; this opened the way for carrying forward the subject; the Creator is good, His works are good; man is not good, hence the need of a Redeemer. W. and all said I certainly meant for their good, and thought I was happy in it. "Yes," I said, "and if the surface of one's mind be disturbed for a moment, my happiness in the work is not in human power, and you can no more touch that than you can bring the sun from the firmament."

Feb. 6. J. B. the vagrant before noticed, who committed a felony so soon after his former discharge, followed me to the gate to knock for the turnkey. He said, "I wish I had a home to go to, or a trade, but I have neither, and that is the reason I am here; I did it with a view to get out of the country." "But," I observed, "It is bad getting out of the country under such circumstances; with the determination to do right, a way may appear; I will talk with you again."

Feb. 10. J. B. followed me to the gate to speak to me in behalf of F. J. who wished I would allow him to have some conversation with me apart from the rest; also, that I would receive him again, he

wished to retract all he had said against the Bible and religion. J. B. said, "F. J. thinks you were wrong in casting him off so hastily, and, you will excuse me, madam, I think so too." J. B. said, "F. J. thinks some remarks I made on Sunday were entirely meant for him, which, however, were unpremeditated. I asked, 'Do you frequently think me personally severe, then?'" "We do," he replied, "and the prisoners talk of it." "But if they feel offended at the moment, they feel the justice of it afterwards." "That," said he, "has been my own case, but I have done the same thing, and have been as bad as they." I went up to the room, and told F. J. I should be happy to receive him again, and he thanked me.

Feb. 11. This day I afforded F. J. the opportunity he desired, of some private conversation with me, by asking him to take my Bible up to the gate. He said he should be sorry to bring up his children with such views as he had expressed; that he had reflected, and felt that he had been wrong: he expected to be ridiculed by the other prisoners, but was determined to adopt a new line of conduct altogether. There was deep feeling, thoughtfulness, and strong earnestness of manner. He spoke highly of his wife. Here I asked, "Do you love your wife?" "O yes, and my wife loves me." "And do you love your children?" "O yes, I love my children." "And were I, or any other to say, 'I hate your wife; I hate your children,' would you like it?" "No, I should not." "And yet you spoke against my God, and of this lovely book: you said, 'It is all a pack of nonsense; I do not believe one word of it!'" F. J. acknowledged the application with much emotion. He said he had been accustomed to sit from Sunday morning till Sunday night in a public-house, but would attend a place of worship in future, which his wife had formerly advised in vain. He acknowledged that I was justified in leaving him, after his having spoken of the Bible and of God as he did.

Some further notice is made of F. J. and thus summed up in the liberated prisoner's book:—

July 1. F. J. has called upon me, and of him I have the highest hope. He was tried and convicted for a felony, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. His previous character had been bad. At first he was quiet, and for a while I did not discover that he was a scorner of all things sacred. The circumstance which led to this discovery is written in the every-day book. After the date February 11 he seemed a new character, no longer close or sly on the one hand, nor presuming on the other; but simple, honest, and open. The poor fellow has obtained no work; his children are ill, and his excellent wife, whilst rejoicing at the change in her husband, is cast down by extreme poverty. I gave them an order for some flour.

Some traits of her personal character are preserved by the writer of the memoir. They are as remarkable as any thing we have recorded.

In the memoir a notice is given of her different channels of benevolence, and the manner in which the funds were expended: "The female prisoners' employment," "Employment for the destitute," an account is also opened, "Donations for general purposes;" each has its distinct and appropriate detail, and it is only in a review of the books that any adequate idea can be formed of the immense time that each separate charity must have occupied; the account-books shew every item most accurately put down; nothing can exceed the minuteness in accounting for expenditure; not a shilling spent either for herself or others, but is stated. The friend, upon whom the charge rested to settle matters after her death, inquired, "Are there no little bills?" The reply was, "Little bills, madam! Oh no; I suppose Miss Martin never had such a thing as a bill." It is remembered she often spoke of the great duty of following the apostolic injunction, "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another." As to the appropriation of the money connected with the charities, there is abundant record, but the labour attending the disbursement is not so easy to appreciate, as so much was involved



in the employment for the prisoners—for instance, in the purchase of material, and preparing it. She has been known frequently, after a day of toil and evening of writing, to record the day's work and expenditure, to stand cutting out work until past midnight, or in preparing the copy-books for her pupils in the gaol the next day. The latter was a constantly recurring operation, as she found it necessary to allow only two sheets of paper at a time, that she might the more easily detect any abstraction from the copy-book. The employment for the destitute was wider in its demands, and the labour attached to it less concentrated. The book entitled "Liberated Prisoners" tells the tale of her indefatigable and persevering energy, and her self-denying benevolence towards her fellow-creatures. The prisoners, when liberated, in many cases, were far from being off her hands, for if there appeared the smallest promise of reformation she sought to cherish it by keeping the individual in sight; she would follow them to their homes, surprise them at their work, seek out a respectable lodging for the houseless, or for those whose home was a hotbed for crime; she would entreat a master to admit a servant to his former employment, and persuade others to make trial of some delinquent of whom she thought well: the juvenile offenders were presented to the superintendents of Sunday-schools for admission, and the regularity of their attendance inquired into; she would write to the distant parents of a liberated prisoner, to beg them to receive the returning prodigal, and encouragement was given to the sailor to call upon her on his return from the voyage. These are some of the items of the labours of twenty-four years—not executed by a committee, but by an individual, and she by no means of a robust constitution; and during the greater part of the time working with her hands for her daily bread. The bodily labour was great, but the mental strain was much greater. The disappointment, the bitter disappointment which so often followed her highest hopes, did its work on the outward frame, although it had no effect in the way of discouragement. Her great business and object was to do God's will, and her faith in Him "that confirmeth the word of his servant, and performeth the counsel of his messengers," gave her full encouragement that the seed sown should prosper, that the increase would be given, although the appearing might be long in coming.

The corporation of Yarmouth at length began to feel some shame, that the duties of providing for the spiritual and intellectual wants of the gaol and workhouse should have been so long performed without reward by a poor needlewoman, earning her own scanty subsistence by the labour of her own hands, and with true corporate illiberality they could devise no other mode of relieving themselves from the reproach and securing the continuance of her services by offering her a place in the establishment with a salary of 12*l.* a year! Her letter objecting to become a pensioner for work which she had so long performed from the unquestioned motive of charity would have been creditable to the most high-minded inhabitant of a palace.

But her toils were too much for her frame. She was seized with a fatal sickness and endured great pain, sustained however by the consciousness of a well-spent life.

Most striking was the constant flow of thanksgiving and love; throughout her illness there never appeared any murmuring or repining! Her energetic mind, her almost restless anxiety to work in the vineyard, were all brought into a quiet submissive waiting upon her Master's will. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." The tone of her mind is shewn by a circumstance mentioned by one of the nurses, which occurred during a night of great suffering and pain. Miss Martin begged the nurse to read to her; she could hardly speak from exhaustion, but upon the question being put, "What shall I read?" the emphatic answer was, "Praise." It pleased God to keep her in the

furnace of great bodily affliction, even to the hour of her departure, which took place in the month of August, 1843. About twenty minutes before her death she begged for more anodyne to still the pain. The nurse then told her she believed the time of her departure was arrived; when, clapping her hands together, she said, "Thank God! thank God!" and spoke no more, till she joined the heavenly choir in the full burst and perfection of that song which was her unceasing theme on earth, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

The language of eulogy fails to express the admiration excited by the career of this poor sempstress; therefore we prefer to point to her example, and "let expressive silence muse her praise."

#### SCIENCE.

*Railways and Agriculture in North Lincolnshire.* By SAMUEL SIDNEY. Pickering.

THIS very little book describes the results of the author's observations of farming as connected with railways, made during a ride over the track of the Manchester, Sheffield, Lincolnshire, and other railways. It must be very interesting to those whom it concerns, and to them we recommend it.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Italy in the Nineteenth Century, contrasted with its past condition.* By JAMES WHITESIDE, Esq. A.M. M.R. J.A. one of her Majesty's Counsel. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

MR. WHITESIDE illustrates an observation we have hazarded more than once in THE CRITIC, that the interest and intrinsic value of a book of travels do not depend so much upon the countries described as upon the traveller; that to the observant eye and the thoughtful mind no topic is trite, no highway so trodden as not to yield abundance of novelty; that the commonplaces of criticism, which condemn a book because it conducts us through scenes often painted before, are as false as they are in bad taste; that the reader seeks in travels to learn rather in what aspect things presented themselves to the author, than their precise measurements, chronology, and colours. With such conceptions of the proper purpose of works of this class, we have made it a rule never to judge them by their title-pages; we have never been deterred by the statement that the tourist had written about Italy, or even Belgium and the Rhine, from dipping into his pages, and if we found them to contain the expression of emotions, and reflect the impressions made upon his own mind, we have given to them a patient perusal, and fairly and fully brought their merits under the notice of our readers. Therefore it is that so many travels which have filled a large space in these columns have passed altogether unnoticed, or with only a few words of contemptuous comment, by other periodicals; nor has experience in any manner led us to question the correctness of the rule we had adopted,—but, on the contrary, every new book of travels that is laid upon our table only the more satisfies us that it is the *true*, if not the popular rule of criticism.

MR. WHITESIDE, the author of the three volumes before us, is a lawyer of some eminence, who was compelled by ill-health to quit the labours of his profession, and betake himself to the genial air of Italy, in which he resided upwards of two years, making excellent use of his time in the collection of a mass of information of every kind relating to the country and the people, gathered from observations, from research, from conversation in the highway, in the street, in the salon, in the

library, in the public assembly. With a mind naturally active, he has combined the skill of a lawyer in the selection and sifting of evidence, and that amplitude of detail which is taught by the habits of a profession whose business it is to deal rather with particular facts than with general principles. Thus we are presented with a work of vastly more substance than any we have met with of late, and which will not only be read with extreme interest, but committed as an authority upon the subjects of which it treats, and so be entitled to a permanent place in the library. Another advantage possessed by MR. WHITESIDE beyond those of any other recent tourist is the time devoted to the investigation, and the opportunities which he enjoyed through his many introductions to the best society, and the intimate acquaintance he had formed with eminent persons in literature, art, and science. Being such, we need scarcely observe that this is pre-eminently a book to be circulated in book-clubs, and that it may even be ordered with safety by the largest of the circulating libraries.

MR. WHITESIDE was fortunate enough to visit Rome under the conservative rule of GREGORY, and then under the liberal sway of PIUS, and his description of the contrast in the aspect of the two eras will convey to the reader a better idea of the causes of the mighty progress of the Italian mind, seemingly so inexplicable, than any which has yet been formed by our newspaper writers and quarterly reviewers. He gives a very unfavourable account of

#### SERVANTS IN ITALY.

A friend of mine in Rome was mightily entertained by a visit from his *traiteur*, the person who supplies dinners, who begged to know whether *il signor* had an English servant with whom he could settle for the usual commission, as he really could not satisfy the Italian cormorant. So universal is this vile practice, that the servants of foreign ambassadors, nay even of royalty, in Italy, the day after a reception by their masters, visit the guest, and extort at least a scudo from each English family who had been entertained. This meanness is not practised by the domestics of the English ambassadors. The washerwoman of the family must wash for the Italian domestic gratis, the inn-keeper must feed him gratis, the *traiteur* and all others must bribe him. This usage I have referred to of commission on bills paid is upheld by law. I really enjoyed the trial of a cause against one of the wisest of our English residents in Florence so very knowing in all Tuscan customs, that he advises others how to behave and manage their establishment. Shortly before his departure for Rome a servant applied to be hired. The gentleman having mentioned his intention of leaving in a few days, the fellow expressed his anxiety to be employed for the intermediate time, accordingly a written agreement was signed for this brief service. The exact man of business was in good time on the eve of his departure summoned before the tribunal for non-payment of wages. He plumed himself on his cautious habits, produced his written agreement and receipt, and was on the very point of gaining his cause, when the judge asked the Florentine, had he no other claim against his master. The fellow coolly replied, "Now, I remember, *il signor* has paid many house-bills, and has more to pay, on which I have not had my allowance." The Englishman replied, "I was not summoned for this, but for non-payment of wages; I prefer paying my house-bills myself." The judge ruled the money should all pass through the hands of the domestic, so that he might secure his commission, to which, by usage, he was entitled. But as the Florentine had impeached his master for another and groundless demand, the judge gave him no costs. This judicial mode of proceeding has deeply injured the character of the Tuscan people; they are tempted into shabby practices; mean frauds and artifices are

encouraged; no one confides frankly in his fellow-men. The English merchant, who settles large transactions by a word, would here be obliged to write out and sign the smallest contract, if he wished to be safe from their tribunals: such suspicion is unbecoming a commercial or an honest people. Surely the old Florentine merchants, princes of the earth, were not of this paltry stamp. Extensive business could scarcely exist in a country where no faith is reposed by one man in another. Evils such as I have stated are caused, not by the theory of the law, which is good; but by the administration of it, which is uncertain and bad.

#### How graphic is this picture of

##### RAIN IN ROME.

A Roman torrent is a very different thing from an English shower. You put up your umbrella; it is laid flat upon your head in an instant. The flimsy Parisian article is viewed with contempt by the Italian people. The native carries (when apprehensive of rain, which may continue three days without cessation) a ponderous machine, which, when opened out, resembles a little tent suspended in the air, under which he walks securely. The construction of the Italian umbrella is simple enough,—a mass of oiled calico is attached to a stout pole; and this, when spread, resists the torrent wonderfully. In a short time the spouts begin to play—the *jets d'eau* of modern Rome. I think these spouts have been dexterously contrived to aid in washing the streets, a process the natives would perish rather than undertake. These ducts are about two feet long, and project from the roofs of the houses; through such spouts the water is made to spin into the middle of the street with admirable effect, for no deposit can withstand its power. But while the twofold deluge from the houses and the heavens may be so useful in dispensing with the labour of scavengers, it increases the discomfort of the passenger: he must keep close to the eaves of the houses, and get under cover as speedily as he can—then listens to the play of the waters with an almost inconceivable degree of pleasure.

#### We turn to

##### FLORENCE AND THE FLORENTINES.

The number of strangers who visit Florence annually may amount to upwards of 11,000; permanent residents to about 900. It may be an interesting inquiry, what is the effect of this influx of strangers upon the native population? A distinction would suggest itself between the intercourse of the respectable inhabitants of proud, free, and wealthy kingdoms, such as Great Britain and France, and the people of either of these countries with a small country like Tuscany, and especially with such a capital as Florence. Great nations meet each other on an equal footing, they are unspoiled by the freest intercourse, no abasement of national character takes place. Neither truckles to the other. But when people free and wealthy flock into a small city like Florence, destitute of wealth or freedom, the danger is obvious that the natives will succumb to the whims of their visitors, imitate their vices, but not their virtues; yield to the temptation of cheating the ignorant or the careless traveller, grow false, deceitful, mean, and contemptible. The class of Italians who ordinarily come in contact with travellers are corrupted; wronged and insulted as they have been, they revenge themselves on the inhabitants of the rest of Europe who may visit their country—the natural though deplorable result of the worst description of slavery. Thus the influx of foreigners into Florence, which seems at first view to be a blessing, may in reality prove a curse. This leads to a brief inquiry into the true condition of the Florentine people. The outward aspect is deceptive, especially in a population prone to show, and vain of finery. What are the means which the people appear to have of gaining their bread in Florence, I mean of real, solid, or national industry? The trade of a general kind, and commerce, are chiefly confined to Leghorn. I scarcely ever saw at Florence a boat on the Arno. There are no great manufactories, except in silk; no extensive buildings in progress: in fact, the town

and its delightful neighbourhood are overbuilt. There is considerable business in oil and silk.

It appears that PIUS IX. however liberal in politics, is as resolute a supporter of the absolute authority of the Church as any of his predecessors. Intolerance is still the rule at Rome, and of this a remarkable instance is related by Mr. WHITESIDE. It is necessary to remark, that even in the English burial-ground at Rome, no epitaph is permitted to be inscribed upon a tomb, unless previously submitted to the censor; and he invariably erases every expression that implies that there can be salvation out of the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. WHITESIDE had noticed the odd style of the epitaphs in the English cemetery. He soon discovered the reason.

The lady of a dignitary of the Church of England died during my residence in Rome; her husband wrote an inscription intended for her tomb, in which he naturally introduced words referring to the hope of the deceased in the resurrection through Christ. The proposed epitaph, as drawn up, was, of course, submitted to the ecclesiastical censor for his approval; that official struck out the words alluded to, and returned the inscription so erased and altered. There was a discussion subsequently on an appeal before the censor in person; and he decided, with many courteous observations, that the objectionable matter must be omitted, on the ground that it contradicted the fundamental doctrine of the church, in asserting that an adult out of the pale of that church could be saved; and, moreover, that it violated another rule of the same infallible tribunal by quoting Scripture. "But," said the charitable censor, "you may ascribe to this lady the possession of all the virtues in the calendar, provided you do not invade the doctrine of the church." I saw myself, in Rome, the original inscription, with the lines struck out by the hand of this pious censor of Pope Gregory; and I am now enabled, by the kind permission of Archdeacon Beresford (husband of the deceased lady), to print a copy of the intended epitaph, inserting with brackets the parts so erased by the censor.

"Here lyeth

[*Until this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality.*]

The body of

Mary, Daughter of Colonel H. P. L'Estrange, Of Moystown, King's County, Ireland, And Wife of the [Venerable] Marcus G. Beresford, D.D. Archdeacon of Ardagh, who died at Rome, Dec. 31, 1845.

[*To her to live was Christ, and to die was gain. She is gone to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, till the day break, and the shadows flee away.*]

The reader perceives from the date, this intended epitaph was originally forbidden in the reign of Pope Gregory. Some months after the accession of Pius IX. a memorial, couched in most respectful language, was presented to his Holiness, craving leave to inscribe the lines already given on the tombstone of the deceased lady. The memorial was, I presume, referred to the proper authorities; and a negotiation ensued, conducted on the part of Archdeacon Beresford by the resident chaplain, a discreet, judicious gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with Rome. He failed, however, in his kind mission. It was declared to be impossible to comply with so unreasonable an application; and the obnoxious epitaph was as rigidly condemned by or under the authority of Pope Pius, as under the rule of Pope Gregory. Politics may vary—the law of the church is unchangeable.

#### This is Mr. WHITESIDE'S view of

##### REFORM IN ITALY.

The country of Savonarola may again awaken to a consciousness of the force of religious truth, and thus must a certain degree, at least, of spiritual enlightenment follow from exercising the right of expressing free opinions. Let us hope the formidably power of the press may be wisely devoted towards promoting the happiness and real improvement of

the people; and to aid in so good a work, I would suggest to those interested in the regeneration of Italy, the republication, in a convenient shape, of first, *The Life of Leopold the Reformer*; his ideas of reform were not only vast and splendid, but he has shewn how the noble work may be accomplished. The Italian reformers of the present day have but to carry out the plans of Leopold with resolution, and a great part of their labours will be performed. *The Life of Leopold*, in Italian, is a scarce book in Florence, and not to be procured elsewhere. The censor of the press at the present moment would not venture to suppress a line of the biography of the illustrious ancestor of the reigning Duke. I am confident the work would be read with avidity in Tuscany; it might be received into Piedmont, and introduced into Rome and Naples, not, I fear, with the permission of the authorities. If the people in these countries are affected by Leopold's example, they will demand, in addition to cheap and wise government, the suppression of monasteries, the effectual expulsion of the Jesuits, with, perhaps, the circulation of the Scriptures. Everything done by so great a man, must make an impression on the public mind in Tuscany, the kingdom he redeemed and saved.

Very unfavourable is his view of the condition of Sardinia, and in this we may find a key to many of the apparent perplexities in the politics of CHARLES ALBERT.

The Italian dominions of the King of Sardinia are thoroughly priest-ridden: the priests, the monks, and their processions, convents, and monasteries, cover the whole kingdom. And the government, however it may latterly affect liberality in trade, and even in politics, is thoroughly bigoted, and its practice most intolerant. I recollect meeting an English family in Geneva, who mentioned that they had spent a Sunday with several other English people in a village in Savoy (which belongs to Sardinia). Wishing to read the church service together on the Sabbath day, they assembled in the saloon of the hotel for that purpose; the landlord quickly appeared, and inquired what they had collected to do: hearing it was to worship, he inquired—was it according to the Protestant religion? and being answered in the affirmative, he, with many apologies, required of the company to desist; declaring he should be heavily fined, nay, punished, should he permit such an impropriety in his house. No native, I apprehend, dares to change his religion. It is one of the curious facts to be remembered respecting Italy, that the sovereign who now professes the utmost liberality of feeling, the desire to encourage learning and learned men, and even to enlarge the municipal privileges and political freedom of his people, is outwardly a bigot, and his government and dominions as much apparently, and I believe in reality, under the control of priestly influences as those of Rome itself.

(To be continued.)

France, Piedmont, Italy, Lombardy, the Tyrol, and Bavaria: an Autumnal Tour. By J. S. BUCKINGHAM. London: Peter Jackson.

THE publications that are ever and anon issuing from Mr. BUCKINGHAM'S fertile pen, excite surprise that they should all be so ably and so pleasingly written. Scarcely are the proof-sheets of one work dry, than another is announced. Were we to make a catalogue of his compositions, it would shew a decided superiority, as far as numbers are concerned, over that of any living writer. Nor in point of ability are we disposed to rank Mr. BUCKINGHAM'S pretensions as an author with any other than the first class. So perfectly unaffected is he in all his descriptions that the reader might almost fancy he was seated by the author's side, hearing in eloquent, yet effective, language, the various details of foreign travel. Mr. BUCKINGHAM relates a story in the most engaging manner, and invests roadside illustrations with considerable interest. We prefer a glance at a volume of Mr. BUCK-



INGHAM's descriptions of his wanderings abroad, to the productions of any modern traveller.

We read the first series of our author's autumnal tour some time since, and noticed it in *THE CRITIC*, little dreaming that from the second series we should derive so much additional gratification. No reader of the work we are alluding to could reasonably have anticipated so many elaborate dissertations, or such novel and attractive features, as may be found in the book now under notice. The former comprised sketches of some of the most beautiful and finest cities in Europe; the present publication, however, occupies a wider as well as a more extensive range. The scenes of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's experience on the present occasion are Paris, thence to Piedmont, part of Italy, Lombardy, the Bavarian States, and the Tyrol. The former volumes may perhaps be richer in incident, but the present sketches have an advantage from their magnitude. Beside the Parisian capital they treat of towns not so familiarly known to the English. The selection of places made by the author for his visits operates much in his favour, for he takes care to go only where he can find *matériel* to work upon.

Two chief motives influenced Mr. BUCKINGHAM in making his second autumnal tour. The former journey had pleased him and afforded him information, and an invitation to the literary congresses of Marseilles and Genoa were too strong temptations to be refused. So we find him steaming from Folkestone to Boulogne in an agreeable August, arriving at the French port, undergoing the searching inquisitiveness of the custom-house officers, then leaving in the diligence for Abbeville in company with some pleasant companions, skirting the ever-memorable fields of Cressy and Agincourt, passing on to Amiens, thence by a comfortable road to Paris, where he was soon domiciled in a snug apartment at the Hotel Meurice. As every one knows Paris, or should know Paris, we pause not here, but accompany Mr. BUCKINGHAM to Nevers and Autun, and welcome his arrival at Lyons. Without preface he introduces us to descriptions of the Lyonesse marvels, of its high towers and noble rivers, its fortifications and heights, its cathedrals and picture galleries. The contemplation of these occupies the narrator but a short time. He journeys from Lyons to Geneva by way of the Jura mountains, and by a circuitous route reaches Milan. Amongst a host of other readable matter is the following interesting account of La Scala:—

In the evening we went to the Scala to see the opera *Mose in Egitto*. The house is about the same size and form as the Queen's Theatre in London; it was hung with yellow draperies, but there are no galleries, the boxes going all the way up to the ceiling, with a large royal box in the centre, and a disproportionately heavy crown, greatly injuring the general effect. This was lighted up with wax candles, as well as two or three other boxes near the stage, but no one came near them during all the evening. The boxes were nearly empty, the pit was not half full, and very few females were in it. The men walked in with great coats on (for it had been raining) and umbrellas streaming wet, and came forward with their hats on to the front of the pit, talked with the musicians in the orchestra, took snuff with them, walked back again, without seeming to pay the least attention to the music. This went on during all the evening, and there was an exhibition of weariness, dirtiness of dress and person, and such ill breeding and selfish indifference to the comfort of others, by loud talking and constant interruption, as would be thought insufferable and be repressed as such in any of our minor theatres. In short the contrast between the bril-

liance, elegance, and order of the English Opera-house, and the gloom, rudeness, noise, and constant movement of the audience in this was most striking. The orchestra was very numerous, but all the performers were ill-dressed and dirty. There was no conductor, but merely a first violin to lead, and the want of discipline was continually manifested. The subject of the opera was too sacred for theatrical representation, and ought never to have been attempted. The dresses, decorations, and scenery were all as excellent as could be desired, but the performers, with two exceptions only, were very inferior. The basso, Signor Marini, who personated Moses, sang and acted admirably, and the lady, who represented his daughter Anaide, Miss Catarina Hayes, was a young English actress of sweet voice, agreeable person, and graceful carriage; indeed, amidst the mediocrity of beauty and talent by which she was surrounded, she seemed the only one worth seeing or hearing; and so thought the audience, for while no applause whatever was given to the other performers, Miss Hayes drew down the loudest acclamations,—and after several of her songs and parts in duets, she was called forward to receive the general homage without waiting for the end of the piece, or even the act or scene, which perpetually disturbed the illusion. In the exclamation *Brava*, the accent was laid on the last syllable, and in clapping the hands, instead of the hearty, quick succession with which this is done in England, each person threw his arms apart, and clapped once only with the palms of his hands, as hard as his strength would admit, but at intervals of several seconds apart, the slowness of this repetition producing a most singular effect.

Our readers will perceive from this extract that the manners and habits of the Italians are not quite so refined as those of Englishmen. La Scala, the gem of operas and theatres, is lamentably beneath our own leading house. In the few lines we have quoted there is conveyed to the reader an insight into the behaviour of the Milanese, that varies sadly with the notions hitherto entertained of the urbanity of the continentals. From Milan our author went to Pavia, and, amongst the many sights he finds time to mention, a considerable space is devoted to the Certosa and its inmates. So graphic is the account that we admit it *in extenso*:—

In an hour and a half more we came to Torre del Mangano, where a road leads off to the left to the Certosa, or Chartreuse of Pavia, which we visited. We were surprised and delighted at the beauty and exquisite finish of the exterior, where medallions of the Roman emperors in marble, statues of saints and distinguished personages, and tablets of alto-relievo, each constituting a picture and a story, followed each other in rich profusion, that it would require a whole day to examine carefully the front alone. On entering the interior our admiration was greatly increased, as we found ourselves in a most magnificent cathedral, with marble pillars, vaulted roofs, rich ceilings of azure, studded with golden stars, and a variety of most beautiful devices and decorations; while the advance toward the high altar, the superb screen, or gates, and the perspective view of all beyond it from the transept was overpoweringly grand. The floor was a variegated pavement of brick and marble in devices of stars and other forms, and everywhere around, painting, sculpture, and gilding meet the eye. We were taken through every chapel successively, and afterwards into the choir, the sacristy, and by the high altar, and knew not which most to admire, whether the altar-pieces in oil, by first-rate masters—the beautiful pictures in fresco, by divers hands—the sculpture—the architecture—the gates or the mosaic altars, each seeming to us the most perfect of their kind. The cabinets of ivory, with inlaying of precious stones—the tombs of the founder and others—excited our utmost enthusiasm; and yet when we had feasted on the whole for several hours, it seemed as if we had only had a glimpse of the place, and had hardly

examined its details at all. There is nothing in the churches of Milan—always excepting the Duomo—to be compared with it for richness and beauty; it took more than 300 years to accomplish; and if it had taken 600, it would still have been a wonder. After seeing the church we went to visit the monastery of the Carthusians behind it. The area of the convent is very large, 300 feet square at least, with arcades or cloisters all around. In these are apartments for seventy monks—four rooms for each—one for dining, one for working, and one for sleeping, with an adjoining closet. There were only twenty-five monks here at present, and these are very poor, having no lands and no funds but those derived from donations. They rise at eleven o'clock every night, and are engaged in service till three each morning: they never eat flesh meat, sick or well: they live separately, each having his provisions brought when prepared; and this consists merely of bread, fruit, vegetables, and wine. These are put in through a hole by a servant in attendance. They never speak to each other, except during one hour each day after dinner: they go out only once a week—on Tuesdays,—and we met a party of them in white flannel robes and cocked hats, going out to walk as we entered. They have no library, and would not be allowed to read any books but religious or theological ones. They wear only woollen, and must not have linen or cotton garments. In the cells which we visited there was in each only a small table and three straw-bottom chairs in the dining-room, and a straw bed with blankets in the sleeping-room, with a little garden behind. They can write no letters but such as pass through the hands of the prior, who seals them; and all letters coming to them are first opened by him. If they meet a stranger when out in their walk—as they usually go in a party—they cannot speak to him without express permission from the prior. We expressed our wonder that persons could be found to do this: the answer was, that there were many who wished to join the order; but this seems unlikely, as there were once seventy of these monks—there are now only twenty-five,—though there is no limit to the number of admissions of the order, at least up to the seventy-five who can be accommodated here. Their whole subsistence in food and raiment costs less than a franc per day each; but even this they are obliged to beg for, having no property of their own. These monks do no service in the church, which has a small establishment of ecclesiastics of its own. These perform three services every day—the matins, mass, and vespers, but there are rarely more than eight or ten persons who attend them as auditors or congregation, in the week days; and, even on Sundays, there are less than two hundred, though the church would apparently hold twenty thousand people. By an old ordinance of the Order, women were originally prohibited from crossing its threshold. Recently this rule has been so far relaxed as that women may now attend the religious services, and come inside the church, but must not enter any of the side chapels, or into the sacristy or convent without express permission from the Pope, as no other authority can grant it. Our ladies were accordingly obliged to content themselves with looking from the outside through the grating, while we were admitted within.

From Pavia our author proceeded to Genoa, his account of which is very amusing. Remarks upon the many charitable institutions are frequently introduced; the purport of which is to institute comparisons between the English and Genevese systems. They are so thoroughly honest that it would be but ill performing our duty were we to exclude them.—

There are not less than twenty establishments under the name of "conservatori" for females alone in Genoa; some of them for orphans, as described; some for unmarried persons who are grown up; some for repentant or reclaimed women, who desire to leave their evil courses, and begin a new life; some for gratuitous education merely, and some for the children of the poor, who, though not orphans, are yet in need of assistance to qualify themselves for getting their own living in the world.

The greater number of these are the foundation and endowment of wealthy and humane individuals, and all are generously supported by occasional contributions when the endowment may be inadequate to meet the increased demands upon their resources. What a large amount of good might be done by the wealthy families of England in founding, endowing, and sustaining a few institutions of this description! How many young girls would it prevent from becoming prostitutes and drunkards, and afterwards thieves! How many of the humbler classes of females would it assist to marry, with some provision for a household or a family, instead of the reckless and improvident marriages that now often take place, making both parties unhappy, and placing their children as a burden upon the community! Tired and satiated with pleasures as many of our wealthiest families often are, seeking for some new excitement in the dissipation of London during the season, then flying to the watering-places on the coast to recruit the exhaustion of nature occasioned by excess; then dividing one portion of the year between yachting and racing, and another between dancing and hunting, till the dull round has been completed, and often without relish or zest from its yearly repetition. How would their real happiness be augmented by founding each in their own neighbourhood, and according to their own means, some institutions like these:—A school for gratuitous education of the young; a literary institute for the instruction of adults; a museum for the display of the wonders and beauties of Nature in her inexhaustible animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms; a school for industry for teaching some useful art or trade to those who had not other means of learning or living: with the profits to be divided between the school and the pupils! Neither of all these would need so much to build, equip, and maintain as a yacht; neither would involve so much annual expense as a box at the opera or a pack of hounds. But how much more would such undertakings make the founders of them beloved by their tenants and neighbours! how much more would they tend to increase the comforts and improve the morals of their dependents! Above all, with how much more pleasure would they pay their daily, weekly, or monthly visits to establishments of this kind, and watch their progress, than they now pass through the dull round of amusements that have ceased to afford them any high gratification! How many would be rising up every year to bless them while living, and revere their memories when dead! and how would their own last moments be sweetened on the pillow of death, by the recollection of such works as these, compared with the remembrance of all the gay routs and parties they had either given or attended, or all the wealth they had expended in merely personal pleasures!

The observations just quoted deserve to be widely circulated, and Mr. BUCKINGHAM can claim credit for so boldly introducing the subject. It is customary at Genoa to hold an annual congress of literary men, none being admissible, but those who are invited. Hence it is, generally speaking, an assembly of the most celebrated men of the day. There are bishops, curates, and manufacturers, legal and medical professors, and even a merchant is often found at the gatherings. So important are the proceedings of this congress considered, that a daily paper, *Diario del Congresso*, is issued during the sitting, giving an account of the speeches and the proceedings. To this congress Mr. BUCKINGHAM, as we have before remarked, was invited in the year 1846, and immediately after the assembly had terminated it adjourned to celebrate the fact of COLUMBUS being born in Genoa by laying the foundation-stone of a monument to his memory. It was a most magnificent spectacle. This is Mr. BUCKINGHAM's account:—

The ceremony took place on Sunday, the 27th

of September, in the large open square of Aqua Verde, near the north-west quarter of Genoa, at one o'clock. The day was beautiful, and after hearing mass in one of the churches, which ended at twelve, the whole population, except those compelled by age, sickness, or necessity, to stay at home, with at least twenty thousand more from the villages around, were in the streets. The dignitaries were all in their robes of office; the troops were numerous and well dressed. The costume of the females was most graceful and interesting, without caps or bonnets; but in lieu of these, a white muslin veil thrown over the head and bosom, and presenting the greatest number of beautiful faces, bright eyes, and most expressive features, we had ever seen in any one day of our existence. The streets were so thronged, that carriages could only move at a slow walking pace, so that we had leisure to examine every countenance as we passed; for we contrived to meet the crowd as it was going, and as it was returning. The completion of the ceremony was attended with loud cries of delight and triumph from the people, and with salvos of artillery from all the ships and batteries—the former being all dressed in colours since sunrise. Admirable arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the dignitaries and principal spectators—and the utmost order prevailed, for, amidst a hundred thousand persons at least, we did not hear an angry word or see an angry look, so that the sight was as pleasing as it was moral and imposing. At night the whole city and surrounding hills were illuminated; the ships were dressed with lanterns on the masts and yards; the lofty lighthouse, three hundred feet in elevation, was covered with a blaze of lamps, crowned with its fine revolving light on the summit; and fireworks of varied forms were shot up into the air. We took our evening drive upon the ramparts, in the highest part of the town, and, besides the fine marine view from thence, had the suburbs and surrounding hills on the one side, and the ships and the lighthouse on the other in one blaze of splendour; while, as we wended our way home through the steep and narrow streets of the city, every new opening presented a scene of populous and animated joy, without tumult, and inspiring an interest of the highest kind.

At present we have not room to say more of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's work, and as we have only reached the end of the first volume, we propose in our next number to glance at the remaining one.

#### FICTION.

*The Ibis of England.* By A. FREISCHUTZER. London: Saunders and Otley.

Of the many books that have been sent forth decrying the unjust and arbitrary Game Laws, none have so effectually performed their mission, nor blended so much pleasant writing with the somewhat dry condemnations of political errors, as the one now under notice. It shews that more value is set upon the life of a pheasant than upon that of a man, and gives good and solid reasons for asserting that the iniquitous laws should be swept from the statute-book. The work is in the narrative form, and it is clearly and forcibly written. The plot is simple. A young married couple, with a considerable family of children (say nine), are tenants upon the estate of an excellent landlord. They manage, by the helps of industry and economy, to rub on with but little inconvenience. Luxuries and pleasures they of course are almost strangers to; but, upon the whole, Jacob and his wife are as contented and happy as any "model farmer" need wish to be. Years roll on; sickness, accidents, and losses beyond control, straiten their circumstances; their easy landlord dies, and is replaced by a stern, harsh spendthrift,—a change which still further shackles the family; they have to leave their

cottage, and at length we find them on the verge of starvation. One of the sons, to relieve the cravings of hunger, goes forth at night to shoot a hare or a pheasant: he kills a pheasant, but when on the point of making off with his prize, some keepers approach, a struggle ensues, the sinner's gun explodes by accident, and one of the keepers is shot dead. The involuntary murderer is apprehended, tried, convicted, and hanged. Ultimately but one of the family remains to brood over the afflictions that have fallen upon him in common with the rest of his kindred.

In this manner has our author laid down the foundation upon which he builds the structure of his work, in the course of which he indulges in observations so terse and applicable that we cannot forbear quoting a portion. We must not omit mentioning that the author is decidedly Radical in his heart: not a Radical in the ordinary acceptance of the term at the present day, but one who would strike at the root of an evil, rather than lop off branch by branch and then afterwards attack the trunk. There are very few who, after reading this extract, will feel disposed to disbelieve it:—

For what reason is so severe a chastisement inflicted upon the poor man who destroys game for the absolute preservation of his own existence? Because the rich man fears that the species should become extinct or scarce, and that then he should be deprived of an amusement. Yet, notwithstanding all this care for its preservation, he himself goes forth in state, accompanied by his friends and dogs, and attended by his keepers; and behold around them multitudes lie speedily stretched upon the ground, wantonly massacred for no other object than mere pastime. If twenty or more brace fall by the hand of an illustrious individual, why it is a glorious achievement, fit to be lauded and commented upon, and paraded in the papers; if a poor man destroy one for the subsistence of himself and his starving family, it is a *crime*, to be atoned for by transportation, or in mitigated penalty by imprisonment at least: yet, which exploit tends the most to the extinction of the species? Yes! but then they are the rich man's own. May not his own property be under his own control? Ah, certainly—indisputably; but does he always administer such rigid justice?—is he equally severe towards all offenders? A brother idler stalks forth, equipped with dog and gun—a gentleman,—one raised by fortune above the vulgar temptations of want; led away by the ardour of his pursuit (and what sportsman could ever yet understand accurately the boundaries of property?) he infringes upon the premises of another, or enters his possessions,—he kills game! in fact he poaches! He meets, perhaps, the owner of the estate, who has come forth to enjoy a day's sport himself. Fury begins at first to rise in the bosom of the possessor; he sees his own game destroyed before his very face, and wishes that the depredator could be suddenly metamorphosed into a partridge upon the spot, so that it might be lawful to pull the trigger upon him, but the criminal is on the alert. He perceives at once the predicament in which he is placed; with well-feigned astonishment, and an air of pleasing, graceful, deprecating incertitude, he advances—he discovers his error—he apologises—he is horrified; an explanation takes place. The proprietor, with great urbanity, entreats the stranger to think no more about the matter; nay, if he be very hospitably and benevolently inclined, proceeds even to ask his rival to join him in his sport for the remainder of the day, and leads him in all the exultation of possession to the richest covers. Yet this delinquent gentleman, had he been a beggar, would have stood a fair chance of transportation. It may happen that the purloining gentleman encounters only menials, and that they, "dressed in a little brief authority," are inclined to prove sullen in the onset; in this case a dog or so may occasionally fall a victim, but the rank and gold of the offender ultimately prevail, and he retires himself uninjured, save by the loss of a little dross from the encounter.



These facts are extremely well known to the poor man; they force themselves upon him. Cogitating over them, contrasting the different effects which follow the same cause in different cases, he becomes gloomy and dissatisfied; his heart revolts at the injustice and cruelty practised against him. Example teaches more forcibly than argument; multitudes could be adduced in which the act unpunished in the rich man is, in the famishing offender, attended by such circumstances as lead to his own perdition, the sacrifice of another, and the irretrievable misery and ruin of many individuals.

That there is a manifest injustice done to the poor man by the continuance of the Game Laws is clear; that his crops are injured and that temptations are constantly thrown in his path is also apparent. Why this should be we have never yet heard a sound reason adduced. If good sprung from the system, or if the subsistence of the possessors of game depended upon it, then no one would be justified in demanding its extinction unless some compensation were made. But the Game Laws are retained solely and entirely to provide amusement for one class to the decided injury and destruction of another class. When people began to be civilised and to understand their real position in the world, the Game Laws should have been abolished. They are but the remnants of barbarian times, and contradictory to justice and to right. Repeated instances are occurring of proprietors of land allowing their tenants to shoot all game that encroaches on their farms. For what reason is this privilege permitted? Because devastation may be committed on a farmer's crops, and yet he is not justified in destroying the vermin. We are not the people to think that the working classes, the journeymen, are the stability of the kingdom, nor do we approve of the rabid eloquence too often heard from democratic orators. But the toilers of the kingdom are essential to the country's welfare. This being allowed, it must be evident that constantly to keep before their sight a blot such as the Game Laws is but to increase discontent, and to afford a just and tangible right of complaint.

On the side of the rich the abolition of the Game Laws would be a source of profit. The immense expense of maintaining keepers and the other paraphernalia attending "the sport" would be done away with, and their lands would become more profitable because more productive. To carry our illustration farther let us quote the author's account of a peasant family in two different stages; first, when the temptations of poaching have not visited them, and secondly, after dire necessity, has compelled the son to knock down a head of game to support his relations. The picture is by no means exaggerated, being one that will easily be recognised for its truth by any who are at all conversant with a country life.

Let us now make acquaintance with Jacob and Mary again. Twenty years have gone by since their marriage, and observe what changes time has wrought in the inward being, as well as in the outward circumstances. They live still in the little dairy cottage, which from time to time has been enlarged for their accommodation. They have now nine children; three more sleep in the churchyard. \* \* \* Among the whole troop there was not a child but might have served as a model for the illustration of the most perfect state of rural innocence and felicity. As far as Mary herself was concerned, years had wrought no material difference in her appearance; if they had destroyed her beauty, they had in no degree impaired the pleasantness of her effect; she was still sunny and smiling, a full-blown flower, replete with goodhumour and genial activity, somewhat portly and domestic in her dimensions, but not a whit less capable of exertion; the only difference was that she bustled rather more

in her multifarious occupations; during her many years of marriage, she had uniformly proved herself the kindest and most affectionate of wives and mothers, and the best of housewives. It was a pleasing sight to see her still handsome, smiling face, as she stood beside Jacob, in the midst of the family group, all the children clinging about them in their affection. As for Jacob himself, if he had not fulfilled the undefined promise of becoming something better than ordinary, which his youth had appeared to hold out, he had at least perfectly satisfied those most interested in him; he had maintained through life the unblemished integrity of his character, he had uniformly played the part of the attached and faithful husband, and yet of the affectionate and careful father. \* \* \* He was now the honest day-labourer, surrounded by a young and numerous family, toiling day by day, faithfully for their support; he was still cheerful, contented, and goodhumoured, but he thought and read less than formerly; he loved better to sit quietly with his pipe in the chimney corner, and dandle the children upon his knees. But these alterations in his character did not seem in the least to affect the happiness of his family; never could any abode be found in which a more even and continuous cheerfulness prevailed. Constant occupation was the order of the day. It is true the children, with the exception of Susan, were none of them as yet capable of supporting themselves, but every one of them found some little piece of usefulness which they were competent to perform; some worked in the slip of garden; some fed the pigs, or attended to the ducks and chickens, for Mary always kept a few in memory of old days; besides, she argued it encouraged the children in habits of industry and thoughtfulness; and at the same time amused them; it also afforded the family the means of attaining many little comforts. Even the little children were able to go out and pick food from the hedges for the rabbits which they kept; and in the summer so well had they been disciplined, Mary could trust them to pick the ripe gooseberries and currants, without being afraid of losing her crop or of making the children sick.

This is a picture of a happy village family,—such a one as GOLDSMITH so feelingly and beautifully describes. We now turn to a more desolate picture of the same family, after having encountered the troubles and adverse storms described in the onset of our notice of this work. This picture, also, many of our readers will have no difficulty in discerning to be too fearfully true:—

A terrible change had taken place in the whole mental and moral structure of Jacob; he was no longer free, virtuous, and independent. For hours together he would sit crouched together on a low stool by the miserable hearth, too often fireless, his head resting upon his clenched hand, and bowed nearly to his knees, uttering no word, moveless, hopeless. Sometimes there was a ferocious glare in his hollow eyes, as if terrible thoughts were raging within; sometimes a vacancy, as dreadful as if thoughts undefined, wandering through limitless space, had sought in vain some resting-place, until all had become dizzy confusion. When he did speak, he no longer gave utterance to humane and tender sentiments. A fixed hatred seemed to have taken root in his heart, yet a hatred which had for its object no particular thing or person, but was rather ready to manifest itself against all mankind—a hatred of the world, with its false laws and evil customs, which had made him and his, and thousands more equally blameless, hopeless and outcast wretches—a hatred, in especial, against the smooth sons of fortune, who grind the poor like dust beneath their feet; towards his own family, also, he had lost his gentleness and patience. The children no longer dared to utter their piteous complaints to him. They shrank away from the glare of his gloomy eyes with an apprehension of they knew not what, for never by more than the sharp word or irritable look had he reproached them. James was constantly in his thoughts, yet he felt little sorrow at his fate. In vain did Susan try,

by every effort which the ingenuity of love could suggest, to engage and soften him. It was only now and then, by the side of the miserable pallet on which the dying Mary lay stretched, or in the fatal cell of his condemned son, that his humanity seemed for the moment restored to him, and he could pour forth tears in his affliction. Winter had set in earlier and far more rigidly than usual; the physical wants of the family became every day more pressing, and more ill supplied; a little charity, and that mostly obtained from their poorer neighbours, formed their chief support. These compassionate ministers to their wants visited them frequently—had strenuously advised them to have recourse to the one remedy which yet presented itself to them, that of going into the workhouse; but their cry was ever in return, "No, no; let us die, let us die. We are miserable and poor; but don't part us, don't part us!"

As a literary performance, the *Ibis of England* deserves credit; it is simple and telling in its style, and is by no means exaggerated, or coloured to suit a purpose. As a protest against the Game Laws, it has equal claims to merit, for not only in detached passages has the author shewn their injustice and cruelty, but he has also woven into his story some sad pictures of their detrimental effects. In common with many others we should rejoice to see the downfall of laws which have nothing creditable to recommend them but which illustrate to the world the too frequently quoted truth that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. They place in the hands of men a weapon which they can and do use against their fellows. They furnish the poor with causes of complaint, when they have indeed enough beside on which to string their murmurings. For these reasons we conceive the *Ibis of England* to be at this time a valuable book,—one which should properly be in the hands of all who have preserves, and who reserve to themselves and their kindred "the right of shooting over their own manors."

*The Island of Liberty; or, Equality and Community.* By the Author of "Theodore." London, 1848. Masters.

A TALE written with the excellent purpose of exhibiting, by example, the noxiousness and essential fallacy of the doctrines which have taken so fearful a shape in France under the name of Communism, and which were making great strides in England until checked by the mighty lesson taught by Paris. As appropriate to the present times, this tale deserves to be extensively circulated.

# POETRY.

*The Phenomena and Diosmeia of Aratus.* Translated into English Verse, with Notes, by JOHN LAMB, D.D. London: Parker.

THIS translation is characterised by its singular fidelity to the original. Dr. LAMB has rendered almost word for word. This has necessarily given a certain air of stiffness to the verse, but that is more than compensated by the consciousness that it is ARATUS we are reading, and not Dr. LAMB. The text is profusely illustrated with very learned notes; and altogether, to the classical scholar, it will be a most acceptable volume.

*Return again Whittington, and other Poems.* E. Wilson.

WITH some sense of poetry the writer wants an ear for the mechanism of verse, or he could not have perpetrated such metres as these:—

Glowing blushes are mantling beauty's cheeks now,  
And dark eyes are flashing 'neath the mistletoe's bough.

Practice—and much of it—will be required before the author should again venture into print.

*Pharaoh: a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. SAMUEL SPINK. London, 1848. Kent and Richards. THERE is really a great deal of dramatic poetry in this book, and some poetry. Mr. SPINK knows how to construct, but he wants the power—or, rather, the passion—to express. Character is not very accurately defined; nevertheless, it is the best drama we have read these six months. Some songs are interspersed which are more than respectable.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The British Quarterly Review.* No. XV. August 1848.—This review is, we believe, the quarterly organ of the Protestant Dissenters, and it is certainly a representative of which they may be proud, and equally for its literary and political as for its theological articles. This number opens with a very clever notice of "Forster's Life of Goldsmith," in which the occasion is taken to comment with as much truth as severity upon the status of literary men in this country. The "History of the Hebrew Monarchy" is treated with deserved reprobation. "Stroughton's Spiritual Heroes" is a theme peculiarly appropriate to this periodical; "Chemistry, Agriculture, and Physiology" is one of those valuable scientific papers for which the *British Review* has been remarkable from its commencement. Dr. VELMAR'S German Literature affords an opportunity for a survey by a friendly but not partial critic of that intellectual phenomenon so much talked of, so little understood. "The Modern Jesuit" is a paper that will be read with interest and profit, although, we fear, it is somewhat coloured by sectarian hues. "Sterling's Life and Writings" is an attractive paper on account of its extracts. "Tractarian Novels" are grouped together in one review, and handled with masterly acumen. "Revolution and Religion" is the application to passing events of the eternal principles of religion, for the purpose of proving how the former is fostered by the absence of the latter.

*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.* Part V. Orr and Co.—Advances through the division of Birds, and commences that of the Fishes. It is illustrated by four engravings after sketches by C. LANDSEER, besides numerous woodcuts.

*The Eclectic Review* for August opens with a remarkable paper, proving by a laborious collection of facts that the Punishment of Death is as unnecessary as it is unquestionably unchristian. "Lord Hervey's Memoirs of George the Second," and the "Memoirs of Chevalier Bayard," are the two literary topics treated of this month. The Political Essay is devoted to the question of Parliamentary Reform; and "Sabbatic Economies," and STROUGHTON'S Sketches of the Puritans are the religious articles.

*The Gentleman's Magazine* for August discusses at great length the authorship of Junius, describes the Roman Theatre at Verulamium, presents a deeply interesting historical memoir of Jacques von Artevelde, the Brewer of Ghent, and adds the usual valuable collection of literary and scientific intelligence, political register, and the Biographies of eminent persons deceased, for which this magazine has been ever famous, and maintains its reputation unimpaired.

*A History of France and of the French People.* By G. M. BUSSEY and T. GASPEY. Part V. Orr and Co.—This part brings this extremely interesting history to the year 1076. We have already stated that, like the *Pictorial History of England*, it aims at presenting a history of the people, as well as a history of kings and courts. It is profusely embellished with engravings.

*The Works of Shakspeare.* Part IV. Orr and Co. Embellished by KENNY MEADOWS, and exquisitely printed.—This part gives "Timon of Athens," and "Hamlet," at a less price than the most commonplace edition.

*Finden's Illustrated Edition of Byron's Tales and Poems.*—Part III. completes "The Giaour." It is adorned with three exquisite steel engravings from drawings by WARREN.

*Social Distinction, or Hearts and Homes.* By

Mrs. ELLIS.—Part V. is a continuation of the pleasing and instructive tale we have already introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC.

*The Image of his Father.* No. V.—The fun becomes more exuberant, and the plot thickens. The engravings are full of character.

*Dolman's Magazine* for August gives an account of the opening of the new Catholic Church of St. George's, describes France in 1848, and adds many other papers on subjects interesting to Roman Catholics.

*Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy, and of Physical and Political Geography.*—Part IV. continues the account of the Celestial and Terrestrial Phenomena, exhibiting the motions of the planets, describing aberration and parallax, the fixed stars, the constellations and multiple stars. Every chapter is lavishly illustrated by diagrams; and besides these there are three large coloured maps, of France, of Ireland, and a curious geological map, shewing, by an ingenious arrangement, the distribution of the principal mammiferous animals over the globe.

*Atlas to Alison's History of Europe.*—Part XVI. contains a map of Turkey, and plans of the battles of Wagram, Gross-Beeren, and Leipzig, and of the siege of Wagram. It is an indispensable addition to the historical library.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Sketches of the Progress of Civilization and Public Liberty, with a View of the Political Condition of Europe and America in 1848.* By JOHN MACGREGOR, M.P. London, 1848. Whittaker.

WE have during the first few months of the year 1848 beheld the commencement of the beginning of the effects resulting from the folly of those rulers who seem to have been incapable of being instructed by history. When NAPOLEON was departing from Elba, he said in bitterness of spirit—"Ce n'est pas la Coalition qui m'a détrônée—ce sont les idées libérales." It was not a confederation of the States of Europe that drove the mighty conqueror from the throne. It was the power of those liberal ideas he had scorned to adopt. He afterwards uttered an expression which might serve for his epitaph—"J'ai péché contre les idées libérales et je meurs." "I sinned," said he, "against liberal ideas, and I have perished." How true was this will be apparent from a glance at the recent revolutions. It is a remarkable fact, that wherever a retrograde or stand-still government existed, there was a revolution; wherever a Liberal government existed, peace, law, and order have been preserved. In France, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Prussia, and the German States, there was at the beginning of the present year a Conservative government, and in each of them it has been violently overthrown. In England, Belgium, the Papal Dominions, and Tuscany, there existed Liberal governments—ministries of progress—and the revolutionary spirit has been repelled. This is decisive proof that a Liberal policy is the most truly Conservative. There can be little doubt that, had we still a Tory government, without the Reform Bill, and Corn Laws still unreppealed, nothing could have saved us from a violent revolution, and all its terrors and distresses. The aristocracy must now be conscious of the debt they owe Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Sir ROBERT PEEL: they have been saved, in spite of themselves.

Mr. MACGREGOR contends that the events of the last six months are fraught with lessons which, if we read them aright, may conduct us to incalculable greatness—if neglected, will lead us to speedy ruin. In common with every thinking man, he sees no safety for

England but in a steady perseverance in the same course of liberal policy, progressively removing abuses, extending the franchise, and adopting institutions to the age. He says—

At no period of the history of this country, has "The condition of the United Kingdom question" claimed more attentive and more serious consideration than it does at this very time. Taking the British Empire with the magnitude and complication of its moral, political, and material interests, and the enormity of its taxation and expenditure, that minister has but feeble claims to the ability of a wise administrator,—little of the magnanimous patriot,—and less of the sagacious statesman, who does not rise above the prejudices of his education, and the pretensions of his class, when great events have changed the political aspect of the empires and states of Europe,—when the people of these kingdoms are harassed by unequal, and burdensome taxes,—and when the real dangers of the state arise,—not from without, but, from any further procrastination of a thorough reform in the system of taxation, and a real, and most assuredly practical, economy in the public expenditure.

He commences this essay with a sketch of the progress of civilisation, asserting it to be an infallible truth, "that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilisation." He then reviews the present position and prospects of each of the European nations, devoting particular attention to the great German Empire, just formed, and before the importance of which all other events of our time sink into insignificance; and then he turns to the British Empire, and compares her present with her past condition. The result of this examination is thus stated:—

Two great considerations are, in consequence, presented to us, with respect to national wealth and power. The first is, that the United Kingdom must depend upon a remunerative demand, in the markets of the world, for the products of her industry, in being able to sell the article wanted at as low as or at a lower price than the same kind of article can be elsewhere produced in sufficient abundance for the demand. Second, that as high taxation and extravagant expenditure burdens and paralyses productive industry, it becomes the first duty of a government to reduce and reform the whole system of taxes and expenses.

And he adds,

The warning thrust upon us by the progress of events in continental Europe ought to be instructive to the government, and to the legislators, as it will assuredly be to the people of the United Kingdom. That we have moral, social, financial, and commercial difficulties to meet and overcome, is a truth that can neither be concealed nor neglected. No prejudice, no fallacy, no prescriptive right, no monopoly of ships or of trade, or of agriculture, or of commerce, can in any country stand hereafter in opposition to great national interests. The history, of all countries,—of the prosperity or decline of states,—of the populousness, or of the decay of cities, affords abundant proof that when trade thrives agriculture prospers, that wars embarrass all countries, and that the expense of wars subject the people to oppressive taxes long after those wars have ceased. It is the vital policy of England to avoid intermeddling with the affairs of other states,—to be neutral, as she may safely be, from her geographical position,—to avoid war,—to be in an efficient defensive state,—never to assume the aggressive, except to recover positive rights, or, in order to maintain, on just grounds, the open freedom of her equal natural rights to the maritime highways of the seas and coasts, and to the markets of the world.

Mr. MACGREGOR sums up in a few emphatic sentences the necessities of the time.—

The public mind is becoming hourly better instructed; and, day by day, more thoroughly convinced that, notwithstanding the disasters of bad harvests, a commercial crisis, and the burdens of



eight hundred millions of debt, with the most unequal and oppressive taxation to which a people has ever been subjected, the United Kingdom is rich and powerful, and will readily overcome all casual distress, provided,—That the affairs of the country shall have the blessing of being administered by a wise, just, and capable government. That there shall be great economy in the expenditure. That there shall be a searching inquiry with regard to all moneys corruptly granted, and that no part of the taxes shall be paid except for supporting national credit, and for services actually performed. That there shall be a finance minister, who has the perception, knowledge, judgment, and resolution to carry into effect a practicable and just reduction of the public expenditure, and who will grapple honestly, and fearlessly, and intelligibly with the whole question of an equitable revision of the taxation. That there shall not be a finality with regard to the present state of the representation of the people in Parliament; and lastly,—That there shall not be that exclusion, which the aristocracy have maintained around the throne, and which prevents the sovereign from knowing any but the oligarchy, who prevent her from knowing the people.

He asserts that the most pressing and immediate danger is unequal and oppressive taxation. To that he entreats the attention of the Legislature and of the people.—

The expenditure may be greatly reduced. 1st. By strict economy in the estimates and miscellaneous expenditure—not by miserable reductions of the salaries of clerks, &c. 2nd. By an equitable adjustment of all moneys corruptly granted as perpetual pensions, &c. 3rd. By the abolition of all useless offices. 4th. By the abolition of all sinecures whatever. 5th. By relieving the revenues of England and Scotland of the payment of the great deficiency between the Irish revenue and the expenditure of Ireland. The next great financial reform, and one that will be forced upon Parliament, is a thoroughly equitable system of taxation. The neglect of financial reform, we consider as the most formidable of all dangers to all classes—all credit, the value of all property, real or otherwise, depends for safety on the maintenance of the public credit. Failing to provide the revenue to pay the quarterly dividends, would constitute a national bankruptcy. It requires but little inquiry to be convinced that the calamity of a stoppage of the payment of the dividends, or interest of the national debt, would break up every monetary and commercial engagement in the United Kingdom. The rights of property, whether in lands or moveables, would be no longer sacred. Bank stock, Indian stock, and all other stock, together with private banks and private credit, would all be involved in the general calamity of a national failure. The social calamity would be terrific.

It is gratifying to find a member of Parliament with views at once so enlarged and practical, as those here propounded by Mr. MACGREGOR.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Albert Smith's Brochures.* London: Bogue. We have no doubt but that occasionally our readers have caught sight of diminutive volumes peeping through bookseller's windows, and lying at railway stations, rejoicing in the attractive titles of *The Gent*, *The Ballet Girl*, *The Idler upon Town*, *The Flirt*, *Stuck-up-People*, and the like. These brochures have, at various periods, emanated from the comic pen of Mr. ALBERT SMITH, and right well will they repay a perusal. They are not full of grave sentences, nor do they abound with metaphysical disquisitions or dissertations upon "High Art." Whatever be the subject upon which they treat, be satisfied that they will induce a hearty laugh at the expense of some barbarian (probably a "Gent") of the passing time.

They generally aim at decrying the ridiculous monstrosities of some "set" who fondly imagine they are supremely superior to every one else in the known world. Improvement generally follows wherever Mr. SMITH aims his fiery darts of wit. Society owes him a very heavy debt for his crusade against the nation of Gents; the Ballet Girl has reason to be grateful to him for defending her from many ill-conceived but hitherto generally-adopted notions of her ways and doings. Stuck-up-People will smart at his sallies. The Idler, or the loungeur upon town, has had his haunts summarily exposed, and The Flirt sees herself reflected in a literary mirror of unquestionable accuracy. Altogether there is much to be gleaned from these pigmy volumes that will do no harm, and very likely produce some really wholesome social thoughts. Thinking there may yet be some who are not acquainted with the peculiarities of the Gent, we annex an extract or two in order that the species may be avoided. The following is a lively picture of

#### A GENT ON A STEAMBOAT.

When joining a steamboat excursion, the gent never sits on the regular benches placed for that purpose. He prefers the top of the cabin-door—the steps of the paddle-boxes—the platform on which the steersman is elevated, and the like situations. Here you may always see him with a newspaper and a bottle of stout, a light blue stock, and, being Sunday, a very new hat, and a pair of white trousers: with Berlin gloves, which he carries in his hand. For, indeed, not being used to them, nothing presents so perfect an idea of tolerated discomfort as a Sunday gent in a pair of gloves. We can only compare the appearance of his hands, when suffering under the infliction, to those of a Guy Fawkes, or the tailors' dressed-up dummies before alluded to. But there are also aquatic gents, who row in boats on regatta afternoons, and hope to be mistaken for "Leanders." Their principal characteristics when on the river in this phase are propensities to wear pink silk jerseys, and silk caps. Now and then they have been known to row in white kid gloves. But they may soon be detected; and are especially found out by a race of amphibious aborigines who affect the river and its banks, known to the natives as "Coalties" and "Bargees;" and who call them *tailors*, and make unpleasant allusions to goose and board, whereupon the anger of the gents being called forth, they retort, asking of the latter *amphibia* above alluded to, "who eat the puppy-pie under Marlow-bridge?" In which query, it is presumed, lies a hidden taunt of rankling venom; for the "Bargees" immediately indulge in language which would shock any one of a properly constituted mind, very dreadfully—and call the gents *sueeps*, not always without some adjective prefixed more powerful than polite.

This description of a Gent at a watering-place has but to be read to be admitted as truth:—

The prevalence of Gents at Ramsgate, in such numbers that the fine weather brings them out like bluebottles, is easily accounted for. There is a certain class of families who go to Ramsgate every year, because they were there the last. They come either from the Pancras-cum-Bloomsbury district of London, or having shops, or ware-rooms, or counting-houses in the city, live in suburban villas comfortably off, and believing greatly in all conventional rules of society, getting perhaps once a year to the Opera, thinking a great deal of Mansion-house balls, and believing to a great degree in fashion-books. Well, these good folks affect Ramsgate greatly, and so take their families with them. The girls of this class pass muster pretty well; Clapham or Chiswick academics teaching them certain school accomplishments, which pass current for a decent education amongst their equals—but the boys are always Gents. The same feeling which induces their parents to believe that the more showy they can set out their dinner-table the

higher they rise in social life, makes these sons imagine that two or three dear and flashy articles of dress place them on a level with the well-born and well-bred Gentleman. Accustomed in their own spheres to take the lead, they will not go where they meet men who attain very good stations in society without large studs or noisy-patterned cravats; and constantly associating, one with another, they get lost beyond all redemption. And of these is the migratory young-man society of Ramsgate chiefly composed.

We cannot pursue at greater length our remarks on Mr. ALBERT SMITH's writings. Should any one feel disposed to enjoy a half-hour's unmistakable laughter, he cannot do better than read some one of the little works we have mentioned.

*The Journal of the British Archaeological Association.* Nos. XIII. and XIV. London: Published by the Association.

It is seldom that young societies adhere to and carry out the spirit of their original foundation as this is doing; the members are truly an industrious body, and are steadily and surely promoting a pure taste for investigating many hitherto important but obscure portions of our early history. The journals issued quarterly by the Association may be read with much profit by all classes, but the numbers now under notice will be particularly acceptable to those connected with the arts. An admirable paper by C. R. SMITH, the secretary, throws considerable light on the history of the manufacture of that beautiful ware, the *Samian*, which is found in abundance on the site of the Romano-British inhabitants seventeen hundred years ago. The best ware of our modern potters, of articles in use in the houses of our richest citizens, will bear no comparison with the fine ware, the elegant shape, and the pure and classical design of the ancient pottery, quantities of which are daily being thrown up in all parts of London, and other towns of Roman origin. It is curious to reflect on the opinions which may be formed at a corresponding period of time as to the habits and customs of people who used coarse brown jugs, with a vulgar figure of a man with a foaming tankard in one hand and a pipe in the other, and this and little else has formed the chief design on our brown pottery for the last century, and is still made in defiance of good taste. On the other hand, the Romans used an infinite variety of designs. Mr. SMITH says—"The designs on these vessels embrace an almost infinite series of curious and interesting representations of popular subjects, strikingly illustrative of social and religious habits and customs. Divinities and their emblems, priests and sacrificial ceremonies, bacchantes dancing, and bacchanalian processions, with scenes from mythic creeds, form a numerous division. Diana surprised by Actæon; Actæon attacked by dogs; Apollo and Daphne; the pigmies and cranes, &c. On a fragment recently discovered on the site of the new coal exchange in Thames-street, will be recognised the goddess Fortune, holding the rudder and cornucopie, beneath an arch with twisted columns. Gladiatorial combats were among the most popular shows of the Romans, and engaged the skill of the potter, as well as that of the sculptor, the painter, and the worker in mosaic. The costume and equipments of the combatants in most of the representations on the Samian ware are well defined, and accord pretty closely with examples furnished in other works of ancient art, and with the descriptions in classical authors." This paper, which is very elaborate and cleverly written, enters fully into the subject of the place of its manufacture, there being a diversity of opinion as to whether it was made by the Roman residents in this country, or imported from Gaul. These numbers also contain several learned papers on antiquarian subjects, but it is a question whether societies of this description should undertake the work of reviewers: we should prefer longer notices of their proceedings and excursions.

*The Prose Works of John Milton.* Vol. I. With a Preface, Preliminary Remarks, and Notes, by J. A. ST. JOHN. London, 1848. Bohn.

A CHEAP edition of the prose works of MILTON has been long a desideratum, and Mr. BOHN could not have made a more acceptable addition to his *Standard Library* than the volume before us. It contains the poet's eloquent "Defence of the People of England," and his "Eikonoclastes, or Answer to the Eikon Basilikè;" both written in the majestic strain of a prophet, and presenting probably the most sustained grandeur of tone and language of any human composition. As it is within the attainment of almost every pocket we hope it will be found in every library.

*The History of Gloucester, and Descriptive Account of the same City and its Suburbs.* Gloucester: Bond.

A SKETCH of the *History of the City of Gloucester* is followed by a description of its most remarkable edifices and public places. It is a well written and neatly printed book.

*Bibliotheca Londinensis, a classified Index to the Literature of Great Britain during Thirty Years.*

THE peculiar feature of this catalogue is, that it classes according to their subjects the books contained in BENT'S London Catalogue, thus supplying a great defect in the latter; for it frequently happens that readers want to ascertain what are the works relating to a particular subject, and BENT'S catalogue is only available when the name of the book is known; that found, it gives the date, price, and publisher. Hence this volume cannot but be extremely valuable to all readers, provided, however, it be more complete in other departments than under the title of Legal Publications; for, strange to say, seeking but to try its accuracy, we took as the nearest to us the list of books published during the last five years at the LAW TIMES office, amounting to *twelve* in number, of which *one only* appears in this catalogue. If others are equally defective, we fear that but little reliance can be placed upon its information.

#### ART.

*The Art-Union for August.*

AN exquisite engraving of a picture, by MACLISE, of *Salvator Rosa* exhibiting a picture, is the gem of this number of the Art-Union, and is of itself worth more than the price of the whole work, although it contains, besides this, another large steel engraving of POOLE'S *Fisherman's Wife*, and a third of COLLINS'S *Cherry Seller*. But, besides these there are upwards of thirty woodcuts in the first style of art, especially some sketches after PAUL POTTER, and some very fine drawings of original designs for manufactures. The letterpress is interesting, and on subjects only treated effectively in this periodical, such as an article on "Schools of Art in England;" on "the Application of Science to Art;" one of a series of Sketches of the Living Artists of Europe, the subject of this one being SCHNORR; and Mrs. HALL'S charming "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," the Tomb of HOGARTH being the subject of this one. Intelligence of the doings of art and artists at home and abroad is also given.

#### GALLERY OF MODERN FRENCH ART.

THIS collection of paintings has been brought over to this country in consequence of the present disturbed state of France, and is now being exhibited in New Bond-street, in order that purchasers may be obtained for them. Amongst those most worthy of notice are some pleasing landscapes by HOGUET, an elaborate work by ISABEY, displaying much richness of colouring, representing the marriage of Henry the Fourth, and a bold and spirited drawing of Lord Byron's *Haide*, by MULIER. There is also a woodland scene, with the Queen of the Gipsies, by DIAZ, possessing much merit. The harmony of colouring in it is very well

preserved, but we think too much light is thrown on the right foreground of the picture, which distracts the eye of the spectator from the principal subject of the piece. The collection is not yet completed, and we fear it has been opened too late this season to be of any advantage to the proprietor. We wish him well; but, though desirous that every facility be given to the introduction in this country of works of foreign art, we are English enough to think we have seen nothing in the collection which excels the productions of our own countrymen.

#### MUSIC.

*See the Lion of England. National Song.* Poetry by J. B. WALKER. Music by J. J. HAITE. Williams.

SUGGESTED by the events of the time, this song expresses with great spirit the sentiment of patriotism roused by the presence of traitors. There is originality in the air.

*The Emigrants' Farewell: a Ballad.* Poetry by J. OLIVER. Music by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. Lewis and Johnson.

MR. ALLMAN has achieved for himself a reputation which he wisely seeks to preserve and extend by continual improvement. The song before us is his latest, and, we think, his best effort, being full of expression, and so plaintive that it is impossible not to be moved by it almost to tears.

#### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

##### SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I WOULD not look behind the clouds, that hide  
The Future from us, if I could,—to find  
Deep graves heaped up where I had set my mind  
To look on myrtle coronals, beside  
The smiling bridegroom and the blushing bride:—  
No! I have felt that omens on the wind  
Are of themselves grievous enow, and chide  
All seekers after the Unknown. We glide  
Athwart a sheet of ice, still thinking it  
A safe, if tardy track; tho' knowing not  
How soon our course may end: and better this  
Than see the final step no human wit  
Can alter or exchange.—Enough, I wist,  
It is to know how dark our Present is!  
30th March, 1848.

#### NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

##### MRS. ANDERSON.

ON the 1st of May, at St. John's Wood, aged 41, Mrs. Anderson, the vocalist.

She was one of the daughters of the engraver Bartolozzi, and her surviving sister is the celebrated Madame Vestris. In the year 1828, Miss Josephine Bartolozzi (then a pupil of Alexander Lee), made her *début* as *Rosina* in the *Barber of Seville*, at the Haymarket Theatre. Her youth and personal recommendations, with her musical talent, attracted a great audience, and for many nights during the season, in the characters of *Rosina*; *Apollo*, in *Midas*; *Susanna*, in the *Marriage of Figaro*; the *Page*, in *John of Paris*; *Margaretta*, in *No Song No Supper*, &c. she excited much admiration. Removing to Drury-lane next season, the large arena of that theatre was too much for her delicate voice, a mezzo soprano. Shortly afterwards she was united to Mr. Joshua Anderson, then a vocalist at the Haymarket and Drury-lane theatres; and they embarked for America; but the trip was fatal to the interest of her husband, through a quarrel he had with an American passenger going out. He was never suffered to appear, and they returned in a few months. Madame Vestris then engaged her at the Olympic, since when she has occasionally appeared at the Princess's, Strand, and other houses. The cares of an increasing family have withdrawn her from the stage of late, and by her decease seven children are left, the youngest little more than an infant. Her remains were deposited in the Kensal Green Cemetery.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

W. H. ROSSER, ESQ. F.S.A.

ON the 27th of May, in Claremont-square, Pentonville, aged 56, William Henry Rosser, esq. F.S.A.

He was one of the well-known firm of Messrs. Rosser, solicitors, of Gray's Inn Place, and lately of Dyer's Buildings, Holborn. He was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, on the 13th of March, 1823. In December 1835 he exhibited the body of an Egyptian Ibis, or Arden, the mummy of which he had lately unrolled (see *Archæologia*, XXVI. 483). This paper he afterwards amplified. In January 1839 he exhibited to the Society a bronze figure of a stag supposed to be part of an ancient candlestick, found, in 1834, in a meadow at Nursting, near Redbridge, Hants, of which there is a figure and account in *Archæologia*, XXVIII. 441.

In March 1840 he communicated to the Society two letters, accompanying the exhibition of a Rubbing from an engraved Sepulchral Stone in Brading church, in the Isle of Wight (*Archæologia*, XXIX. 373).

Mr. Rosser was for many years a constant attendant at the meetings of the Society of Antiquaries; and, we believe, contributed many of the reports of the Society's proceedings which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*.

During several years Mr. Rosser was a very useful member of the Committee and Council of the Literary Fund Society.

In consequence of investigations by Mr. Crofton Croker and Mr. Kempe, in September 1823, on the Roman encampment at Holwood hill, near Keston, the supposed site of Noviomagus, an agreeable club was formed by some members of the Society of Antiquaries; and Mr. Rosser became the indefatigable Secretary of the Noviomagian Society, displaying considerable invention and humour in the sportive record of their learned and convivial proceedings. This Society still exists under the patronage of its original President, T. Crofton Croker, esq. and has included amongst its members many of the Fellows of the parent Society, who have taken the most lively interest in archaeological pursuits. On the formation of the (second) Archaeological Association Mr. Rosser adhered to that party, and became an active member of its Council.

"Mr. Rosser's good humour was overflowing and inexhaustible; and his personal appearance typified the man. Robust and well-looking, simple and without a grain of affectation, he had refused to fall in with the Wellingtonian fashion, and continued to wear the now seldom seen but becoming Hessian boot; whilst at the same time his lusty throat, denuded of the swaddling of neckcloth, caused him to be particularly observed at the meetings of the antiquarian throng. Many who read this brief notice will remember the excellent person whose too early death it records, from the harmless eccentricity of costume to which we have alluded; and we may add that the outward show (not even skin-deep) pertained to one whose inward parts were all an honour to human nature. Mild in manners, but firm in purpose, he was indeed an unquestionable example of what the poet has declared to be 'the noblest work of God.' He is sincerely lamented by all who walked with him in the intellectual and social paths of life."—(*Literary Gazette*.)

Mr. Rosser was twice married; and has left issue by both marriages. His widow and children have great cause to deplore their premature loss.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

##### SIR HARRIS NICOLAS.

Death has been busy lately in our especial world. Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, a very eminent English antiquary—a much greater man than Stukeley, or Strutt, or Douce, or Peck, or Henne—has just been removed from among us. He died at Boulogne on the 3rd instant, of congestion of the brain. He was the fourth son of John Harris Nicolas, of East Loos, in Cornwall, a captain in the Royal Navy, and was born on the 10th of March, 1799. He entered the navy on the 27th of October, 1808, served under his brother, Captain J. Toup Nicolas, C.B. and was frequently engaged at the capture and destruction of armed vessels and convoys on the Calabrian coast. He was made a lieutenant on the 20th of September, 1815; but, proving unsuccessful in his efforts to obtain employment, he retired on his half-pay, took to the study of English antiquities and English law, married on the 28th of March, 1822, published his first work in 1823, and in May 1825 was called to the Bar by the Society of the Inner Temple. His first work was "The Life of Secretary Davison," still a most useful publication. In 1824 he put forth "Notitia Historica," containing tables, calendars, and miscellaneous information for the use of historians, antiquaries, and the legal profession. A curious and important "Catalogue of the Herald's Visitations" was published in 1825; and his invaluable "Synopsis of the Peerage of England," in 2 vols. 12mo, the same



year. In 1826 he published his "Testamenta Vetusta,"—a most curious and readable collection of wills from the reign of Henry II. to the time of Queen Elizabeth; and in 1827 the four following works, of which it will be enough to transcribe the titles:—"History of the Town and School of Rugby," "A Chronicle of London," "Memoir of Augustine Vincent," "Windsor Herald," and "The History of the Battle of Agincourt, with the Roll of the Men-at-Arms in the English Army." His diligence almost surpasses belief. The "Roll of Arms of Peers and Knights in the Reign of Edward II." and "The Statutes of the Order of the Guelphs" appeared in 1828; and "The Roll of Arms of the Reigns of Henry III. and Edward III." and "The Statutes of the Order of the Thistle" in 1829. "The Household Book of Elizabeth of York (the queen of Henry VII.)" and "The Household Book of Henry VIII." were two of his more important contributions to biographical and domestic history. His Report on the L'Isle peerage case and his "History of the Earldoms of Strathern, Monteith, and Airth" are monuments of human diligence in matters connected with genealogy. His "Life of Chaucer" and his lives of Walton and Cotton prefixed to Mr. Pickering's beautiful edition of "The Complete Angler" exhibit the most successful research in channels of information hitherto imperfectly explored or altogether unexamined. His edition of Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" is an instance of his skill in a different department of our literature:—the text is elaborately accurate, and the notes and memoirs are full and precise. His "Scrope and Grosvenor Roll" and his "Siege of Caerlaverock" exhibit all his accustomed diligence and the vast extent of his biographical information. The "Memoir of Sir Kenelm Digby" and the "Autobiography of Lady Fanshawe" continue to be considered most agreeable contributions to our lighter literature;—and "The Chronology of History," compiled for "Lardner's Cyclopædia," is a work of which we have had occasion to test the extraordinary value on many occasions when historians are at variance on the accuracy of a date of historical importance. His "Life of Sir Christopher Hatton" contains a sarcastic exposure in every page of the errors in Lord Campbell's Life of the handsome Lord Chancellor;—and his unfinished "History of the British Navy" exhibits the new and important matter that he could bring to bear on whatever subject he undertook to illustrate. His great works, however, and those by which his name will be best remembered, are his "History of the Order of Knighthood of the British Empire," in four thick volumes, and his edition of "Lord Nelson's Letters and Despatches" in seven octavo volumes. He was engaged till within a week of his death in editing the papers of Sir Hudson Lowe, and throwing what light his unremitting exertions could contribute in elucidation of a very painful but important subject of historical inquiry. He has left a widow and eight children to lament his loss:—and, we are sorry to add, with very little provision for their future maintenance. A part of what remains of the 1,200*l.* a year, assigned by Parliament for pensions to men, and the widows and children of men, of literary and scientific attainments could not be more deservedly given than in the case of the family of Sir Harris Nicolas. We are glad to think that the friends of Sir Harris are already active in the matter.

### Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

#### DEATHS.

CRAMER.—On the 25th ult. at 26, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater, François Cramer, esq. late master of her Majesty's State Band, and for upwards of fifty years the highly-respected leader of the Ancient Concerts, Provincial Musical Festivals, Philharmonic, &c. aged 76.

WEST.—On the 30th ult. at No. 61, Albert-street, Regent's-park, Benjamin West, esq. the youngest son of the late Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy.

MARRIAT.—Expired at his seat, Langham, county Norfolk, on Wednesday, the 9th inst. after a long and painful illness, caused by the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels, Captain Marriat, second son of the late Joseph Marriat, esq. M.P. of Wimbledon-house, Surrey, and married Catherine, only daughter of the late Sir Stephen Shairp, Bart. N.B. by whom he leaves a family of six children. When at Hastings, in the month of February last, Captain Marriat read in the *Times* newspaper, the account of the total loss of her Majesty's ship *Acenger*, in which his eldest son perished. For some time it was feared the shock would have been fatal. Captain Marriat's talents as a writer are too well known, and his services as an officer have been too lately laid before the public to require any further comment. He died at the age of 55.

BAINES.—Last week, at Leeds, Mr. Baines. The deceased was about seventy-three years of age. He was the architect of his own fortune, having by industry, energy, thrift, and ability, wrought up his way in the world from the position of a journeyman printer, until he became one of the most prominent men in Leeds, and the representative of

that town in three successive Parliaments. At the commencement of the present century he obtained possession of the *Leeds Mercury*, which, in his hands, gradually increased in popularity, until it became one of the most widely-circulated and profitable of provincial journals. Under the editorship and control of his sons, the paper still retains its high position. Mr. Baines was the author of several works, one of which, "The History of the French War," rapidly became very popular, and attained a great sale. The deceased was highly respected by all who knew him, for his private qualities; and in his public capacity he so mingled suavity, kindness, and consideration, with firmness of principle, as to win the confidence and respect of his opponents.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

#### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE most important addition to the bookshelf is Talfourd's *Final Memoirs of Charles Lamb*, abounding in interesting reminiscences and facts that throw much light upon a life not hitherto perfectly understood.—*The Discipline of Life*, a tale written by a titled lady, and published by Mr. Colburn, has raised some expectations among the *litterati*, and Mr. James's extraordinary and continued fecundity has placed him far above Dumas in the ranks of railroad authors. The magazines of the month promise a rich treat for the declining days of summer.—The council of the British Association will meet on the 9th of August, at Swansea, when the Report of the Council for the year will be read. There will be the usual evening conveyance, and excursions to neighbouring spots are projected.—A School of Chemistry has been formed in Liverpool, under the superintendence of Dr. Muspratt. Some dusty old documents of the time of Henry VIII. have been raked from their hiding-place, in the Record Office of Warwickshire. It was reported that they threw further light upon Shakspeare's genealogy, but it appears they prove nothing more than that the progenitors of "immortal Will" had not settled in Stratford at that period.—A Society has been founded in Liverpool under the title of "The Historical Society of Lancashire and Cheshire." The care and publication of historical documents, antiquities, objects of natural history, specimens of ancient and mediæval art, &c. connected with those two counties palatine are the objects of the Association. The Earl of Ellesmere is the president.—In the *Lancet*, Mr. Nunneley, of Leeds, states that chloroform and other anæsthetic agents can, he believes, be applied locally to a part to produce local insensibility to pain,—the brain being unaffected, consciousness being retained, and the limbs and other parts not subjected to the action of the anæsthetic agent retaining their usual anæsthetic condition.—*L'Union* of the 20th, has the following: "The Committee of the Interior has entertained a proposition for the institution of a governmental and popular press, and the creation of public libraries. The object of this governmental press will be to oppose publicity to publicity (*d'opposer la publicité à la publicité*). It will serve at once for the political instruction and moralisation of the people."—Decorations of the Legion of Honour have, according to the Paris journals, been distributed in large numbers among the Garde Mobile, as a reward for the heroism displayed by the young soldiers during the late insurrection.—M. Von Martius, the celebrated Brazilian traveller, (in conjunction with the late M. Von Spix,) and whose work on the natural history of that country has proceeded to a considerable extent, has issued a public appeal, lamenting that the state of affairs has interrupted, if not entirely stopped the production.—The extensive premises originally occupied as a theatre by Ben Jonson, and known as the Playhouse, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and latterly used as show-rooms by Alderman Copeland and Co. the extensive china-manufacturers, have been taken possession of by the Royal College of Surgeons, who are about to erect a museum on its site for the reception of the celebrated Hunterian collection, presented by Government to the college.—Not far from the right bank of the Nicolaïfskaia, in the government of Tobolsk, in Siberia, a rich mine of stones has been discovered in the midst of the establishment for the washing of auriferous

sands. These stones present a perfect resemblance to diamonds, except that they are a trifle less heavy and less hard, although harder than granite. Specimens of the stones have been deposited in the Imperial Museum of Natural History at St. Petersburg, and Russian mineralogists propose to call them *diamantoïde*.—An ancient vessel, sixty-six feet long by the keel, has just been dug out of the accumulated mud off the American Wharf Chapel, near Southampton. There are no signs of iron work, and it is supposed (very probably) to be a Danish relic, one of the boats of the Sea-Kings.—Remarking upon the recently invented Fire Annihilator, a contemporary says, it is a small machine of the size of a common pail, containing several iron encasements, and in the middle 7 lbs. of nitre, carbon, and gypsum, in the proportions of six, two, and two, and also one quart of water; at a touch of the finger on a small piston, charged with a small quantity of chlorate of potash and sugar, the compound is in a moment converted into steam, to an amount so enormous, that it equals the quantity produced by a five-horse steam-boiler, and is equivalent to a brigade fire-engine. The whole machine can be made for 1*l.* of which the combustible spent is worth only 14*d.*

LIBRARY AND MANUSCRIPTS OF THE LATE REV. D. T. POWELL, LL.B.—The curious library and manuscripts of the late Rev. D. T. Powell, whose secluded habits and somewhat eccentric manners have long rendered him the subject of much remark amongst the inhabitants of Tottenham, where he resided, was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the auctioneers, on Monday, July 31, and following days. The library consisted chiefly of heraldic and antiquarian works, and contained also some important manuscripts. A large number of the lots consisted of manuscripts of the late Rev. Mr. Powell; these excited much competition, bringing from 2*l.* to 20*l.* a lot. From amongst the other manuscripts the following appear to be most worthy of notice:—"Arms of English Barons," sold for 4*l.*; "Conquête de Sainte Greelle," MS. of the thirteenth century, sold for 24*l.*; "Missale," an illuminated MS. sold for 14*l.* 14*s.*; "Hore Beate Marie Virginis," sold for 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; "Law Forms and Precedents," MS. of the time of Henry VI. sold for 7*l.*; "Charter of Louis IX. to the Ecclesiastics of Canterbury," sold for 2*l.* 12*s.*; "Queen Catherine Parr," signature to a Letter, sold for 10*l.*; "Regime des Princes, par Gilles de Rome," MS. of the fourteenth century, composed for the education of Philippe le Bel, sold for 7*l.* 7*s.*; "Arms of the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleecce, sold for 8*l.* 10*s.*; a Roll of Arms dated 1597, sold for 19*l.* 10*s.*; a Roll of Arms, sold for 13*l.*; a Genealogical Table of English Barons, sold for 10*l.* 10*s.*; a Breviary, said to have been executed for George D'Egmont, bishop of Utrecht, about the year 1500, a richly illuminated MS. sold for 141*l.* 15*s.*; *Psalterium Davidicum precibus*, an English MS. of early date, with illuminations, sold for 114*l.* 9*s.*

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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**EDWIN AND EMMA.**—A monument bearing the following inscription has been set up lately against the west end of Bowes Church, in Yorkshire, by a gentleman of the name of Dinsdale, to perpetuate the remembrance of a remarkable incident which occurred there many years ago.—"Rodger Wrightson, jun. and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave; he died in a fever, and upon the tolling of his passing bell she cried out, 'My heart is broke!' and in a few hours expired, purely thro' love. Such is the brief touching record contained in the parish register of burials. It has been handed down by unvarying tradition that the grave was at the west end of the church, directly beneath the bells. The history of these true lovers forms the subject of Mallet's ballad, 'Edwin and Emma.'—*Darlington Times.*

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**A CURIOUS ADVANTAGE.**—The following advertisement appears in a Dublin paper:—"If Edward Headen, house painter, who is in the habit of travelling to all parts of the country in prosecution of his business, will communicate with his brother, Henry Headen, at 48, Golden-lane, Dublin, it will be for his advantage, as his wife is dead."

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 "I have much pleasure in informing you that I have derived considerable benefit from the use of the Revalenta Arabica."  
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"Next to God I owe you a great debt of gratitude for the prospect of health now opened before me. I therefore thank you most sincerely, not only for bringing this invaluable allment to my notice, but for other kind advice given me as to diet, &c."

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours very truly,  
 (Rev.) "THOMAS MONSTER."  
 (Of Farley Tye, Yorkshire.)

"3, Sydney-terrace, Reading, Berks, Dec. 3, 1847."

"I can with confidence recommend it."

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"GENTLEMEN,—I am happy to inform you, that through the divine blessing upon the 'Revalenta Arabica Food,' I am much better, although I have taken it only four or five days. I can safely say, that it has had a better effect upon the stomach and bowels than all the medicine I have taken for the last four months. I have had the advice and attendance of one Physician and four Surgeons, but none of them have been able to do so much for me as has been done in so short a time by the 'Revalenta Arabica Food.'"

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